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THE GUARDIAN.

A Weekly Newspaper

AND REVIEW.

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Communications intended for publication should be addressed "EDITORS CATHOLIC GUARDIAN." All letters of a business character address,

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403 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

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AND

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jan18tf

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THE SANTA CLARA COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED in 1851, and in 1852 was incorporated, with the privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classic and Scientific.

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The College possesses a very complete philosphical apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has, also, practical schools of Telegraphy, Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The Scholastic Year, which is divided into two sessions of five months each, commences in August, and closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light per year	350 00

Modern Languages, Drawing, and Music form extra charges. For clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the like, no advance made by the Institution.

For further particulars, apply to

REV. A. VARSI, S. J., President.

jan1-tf

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME

San Jose, California.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH IS INCORPORated according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer academical honors, commenced the Twenty-Second Annual Session on Monday, August 19th, 1872. The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once	$15 00
Board and Tuition, per quarter	62 00
Washing, per quarter	12 00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter	2 50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges; but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the session. jan1-tf

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,

Los Angeles, California.

THIS Institution, chartered according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, proverbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery.

The faculty is composed of the FATHERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MISSION OF ST. VINCET DE PAUL, who devote themselves to promote the health and happiness, as well as the intellectual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years, who are competent to enter the primary course, and who come with respectable recommendations, provided they comply with the rules and discipline of the College, which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of English and Classical Literature, the various branches of Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages, and also, a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for every branch of business.

TERMS:

Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$250 00
Washing, per Scholastic Year	30 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month	8 00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month	6 00
Vacation at the College	40 00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named instruments, will have the privilege of using a brass instrument free of charge; otherwise, there will be a charge of $3 00 per month.

For further information, apply to

REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M. President.

jan1-tf

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

THIS Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short distance from the sea, in the most delightful and healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive, and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches of a thorough English education. Spanish is also taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc., per annum	$200 00
Piano and use of instrument, per month, $5 00.	68 00
Guitar, per month, $5 00	52 50

No extra charge for plain sewing, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

The Scholastic Year, of ten months and a half, commences August 16th, and terminates on the last Tuesday of June.

For further particulars, apply to

SISTERS OF CHARITY,

Santa Barbara, Cal.

jan1-tf

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,

San Francisco, California.

THIS Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the reception of students on the 15th of October, 1855. It was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the 30th of April, 1850, and empowered to confer academical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough Classical, Mathematical and Philosophical education. But besides the Classical, there is, also, a Commercial Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.

The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guardians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offendor to the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the Academic Year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

Tuition, in Preparatory Department	$3 00
" in Grammar Department	5 00
" in Higher Department	8 00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy, and Chemicals, first year, per month	$3 00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per month	5 00
For each Academical Degree	10 00

jan1-tf

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco California.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific, or Commercial.

THOSE WHO COMPLETE THE CLASSICAL Course, receive the degree of A. B.; the Scientific, B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts.

The Commercial Course has been established for the convenience of those who wish to acquire a good, practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in Advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing	$250 00
Entrance Fee	10 00
Physician's Fee and Medicines	5 00
Vacation at College	40 00
Day Students	60 00

Modern Languages, Music and Drawing form extra charges.

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN, President.

jan1-tf

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van Duzen and Eel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville. It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.

The course of studies is classical, scientific and commercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teaching the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending linens	$225.00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once	10.00
Vacation at College	40.00

DAY PUPILS.

Senior Class	$60.00
Junior Class	40.00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawng, and modern languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be addressed o the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.

Very Rev. P. HENNEBERY,

Superior.

St. CATHERINE'S SCHOOL,

Benicia, California.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF ST. DOMINIC.

THIS Institution affords every facility for the acquisition of a refined and solid education. The Academy was founded in 1850, and now ranks among the most successful Educational Institutes in the State.

The course of instruction embraces the English, French, Spanish and Latin languages, Rhetoric, Elocution, Composition, Ancient and Modern History, Biography, Mythology, Chemistry, Geography, Astronomy, and use of Globes; Vocal Music, Instrumental Music, including Piano, Guitar, and Organ; Writing, Drawing, Painting in Water Colors and in Oil; Tapestry, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, etc.

TERMS:

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

Board and Tuition, per Scholastic Year	$225 00
Washing	45 00
Entrance Fee	10 00

EXTRAS.

(Payable half-yearly.)

Piano and use of Instrument	$60 00
Organ " "	50 00
Guitar " "	50 00
Vocal Music, in Class	20 00
Private Lessons	40 00
Drawing and Painting in Water Colors	30 00
Painting in Oils	20 00
Board during Vacation	40 00

The Academic Year consists of two equal terms, the first commencing August 10th, the second, January 23d.

Pupils of any religious denomination will be received, but, for the sake of uniformity, all are required to be present at the regular religious services of the Institution.

Pupils entering after the commencement of a term are charged for such portion of it as may remain. No deduction, however, will be made if the pupil is withdrawn during the season, except in case of sickness.

Parents may rest satisfied that every attention, consistent with the spirit of a firm but mild government, will be paid to the comfort of the young ladies placed at this Institution.

Letters of inquiry may be addressed to the SISTER SUPERIOR. my25-tf

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

Santa Barbara, California.

THE Sixth Session of this Institution conducted by the FATHERS of the ORDER of ST. FRANCIS, will commence on the first Monday in August.

The object of this institution is to give a good English, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Education at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in California—and thereby bring its advantages within the reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, (to be paid but once,)	$15 00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months	150 50

Music, French and German form extra charges. Those who spend their vacations at the College will be charged $30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.

Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

For further particulars, apply to

jan1-tf REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

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OF THE

Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Gilroy.

FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE MOST HOLY AND IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY.

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No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS:

Primary, per month	$2.00
Elementary and Senior, per month	3.00
Tuition on Piano, per month	6.00
French, per month	2.50

No extra charges for Tapestry, Embroidery, Plain and Ornamental Needle-work, nor for the Spanish language.

For Prospectus and further particulars, apply to

SISTER RAYMUNDA CREMADELL,

Superior.

N. B.—The above Establishment is, also, the Novitiate of the Order. aug24-tf

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY,

Mission Dolores, San Francisco.

This Academy is a Branch of the College of Notre Dame in San Jose.

THE course of instruction, which embraces the Primary as well as the Elementary and higher departments of education, comprises all the branches, both useful and ornamental, taught in the best academies for young ladies.

The second term of the Seventh Annual Session commences

Monday, January 20th, 18 .

TERMS:

Boarding pupils per session, payable quarterly in advance	$240.00
Select day pupils, primary classes,	20.000
Junior Classes,	30.00
Higher Classes,	50.00
Parochial Classes, throughout,	40.00

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

Yreka, Siskiyou Co., California.

THIS Academy for young ladies, under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy, is situated in the healthy and pleasant city of Yreka. The buildings are commodious, the pleasure-grounds extensive and every advantage is afforded for the acquisition of useful and ornamental knowledge.

The Academy being conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, sufficient assurance is given for the peculiar attention bestowed on the moral training, health and comfort of the pupils,

The course of instruction combines all the useful branches of a solid English Education, viz: Reading, Writing, Algebra, Book-Keeping, History, Geography, Grammar, Rhetoric, Composition, Astronomy, use of Globes, Botany, Natural Philosophy, Familiar Science, French, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Wax Flowers, etc.

Pupils of all persuasions will be equally received, and all interference with their religious opinions carefully avoided; good order, however require that all should comply with the general regulations of the Institution.

The Scholastic Year is divided into four terms of eleven weeks each. Pupils can enter the Institution at any time. They will be charged from the date of their entrance.

TERMS PER QUARTER:

(Payable in advance.)

Board and Tuition,	$43.75
Instrumental Music, (with use of Piano)	15.00
Vocal Music,	7.50
Painting and Drawing, each,	5.00
Wax Work,	2.50

Each pupil must be furnished with a knife and fork, a table-spoon, a tea-spoon, a goblet, table-napkins, towels, three pairs of sheets, three pillow-cases, a pair of blankets and a mattress.

For uniform dress, inquiry is to be made at the Institution.

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS, PER QUARTER:

(Payable in advance.)

Senior Class,	$10.00
Junior Class,	8.00
Primary Class,	6.00

Letters of inquiry, etc., are to be addressed to the

MOTHER SUPERIOR,

Apr12-tf St. Joseph's Academy, Yreka, Cal.

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WATERPROOFS,
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Bombazines,	Foulards,
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J. J. O'BRIEN & CO.,

606 Market Street,

One Door from Montgomery.

nov16-tf.

The Catholic Guardian.

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. III. SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873. No. 9.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"PROVIDENCE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN, IN OUR DAY, A GREAT MISSION TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS. IT IS FOR IT TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER AND OF FAITH, WHERE THEY STILL PREVAIL, AND TO PROPAGATE THEM WHERE IMPIETY AND COLD INDIFFERENCE HAVE CAUSED THEM TO BE FORGOTTEN."—*Letter from Pope Pius IX, in* 1855.

"WE URGENTLY BESEECH OF YOU TO ASSIST, WITH ALL GOOD WILL AND FAVOR, THOSE MEN WHO, ANIMATED WITH CATHOLIC SPIRIT, AND POSSESSED WITH SUFFICIENT LEARNING, ARE LABORING IN WRITING AND PUBLISHING BOOKS AND JOURNALS FOR THE DEFENSE AND PROPAGATION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE."—*Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, in* 1853.

"LEAVE NOTHING UNTRIED BY WHICH OUR HOLY RELIGION AND ITS SALUTARY TEACHINGS MAY MORE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES, AND UNHAPPY WANDERERS MAY RETURN TO THE SAFE PATH."—*Letter from Pope Pius IX, to the Prelates of the United States, in* 1855.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S big book, "*History of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe*," has come forth from the press, and is creating no little comment among the *literati* and general readers across the water. Lord JOHN is an old man, being now something over eighty-one years of age, and there are many things contained in his last volume which indicate that he has lost much of the freshness and vigor of mind which placed him, in former years, among the first writers of the day. Indeed, these are so apparent that much fun is poked at the old gentleman from all quarters. An American correspondent says: "When I last had the pleasure of seeing his lordship, he was big with this book; he was knee-deep—and his knees, you know, are only about eighteen inches from the ground—in MILMAN'S *Latin Christianity*, JONTIN'S *Ecclesiastical History*, GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*, LECKEY'S *History of Rationalism and European Morals*, PAOLA SARPI'S *Roman History*, FATHER NEWMAN'S *Grammar of Assent*, and DEAN ALFORD'S *Commentary on the New Testament*. He was cramming his poor head—he said it ached, and no wonder—with these authors, and now we have the result. Being safely delivered, I hope he feels better. 'Twas a perilous load of stuff; I am very glad he is rid of it. If any one wishes to know—not what all these authors have written, but what EARL RUSSELL thinks they have written, why here he has it. There is some original matter in the book—and of this I shall presently speak—but the most of it is a digest of other men's thought's, colored by RUSSELL." And it is this coloring which gives occasion to the critics to berate Sir JOHN and his book. They say is in the sere and yellow leaf already, and his lordship might have gained more credit to himself if he had passed the declining years of his life in some other occupation. He has attempted the defense of Christianity, it is true, but it is that of the British Constitution, and the Broad Church wing of the establishment. His banner is inscribed: "The Bible, free education, liberty of the press, and toleration for dissenters;" and he inveighs against Popery, personal government, Mr. LOWE, and Cardinal CULLEN. Some idea of the animus of his lordship's volume, and the knowledge which is displayed, may be gathered from his attack upon the Papal Syllabus of 1864. He shows how little understanding he possesses of the subject when he declares that it teaches to Irish youth "treason in a covert form" also, that the Board of Education of Ireland "disobeyed the precepts of CHRIST, and violated the *Magna Charta*," and that "Cardinal CULLEN proclaimed the jurisdiction of the Pope over the Queen's government in Ireland; and yet all this, we are told in the notices of his book, he has boldly and unblushingly affirmed. We have yet to read one favorable mention of his volume, and we shall await its appearance in this country with feelings of anxious curiosity.

FROM a tabular statement which we append, giving much useful information relative to the value of Church and denominational property in this city, it will be seen that the property belonging to the Catholic Church exceeds, in value, that of all other sects, by the sum of $48,500. There is food for no little thought in this statement, and cause for no slight compliment to that sect which has shown itself so generous in the cause of God and morality. The congregations of Protestant and Hebrew churches far exceed in number those of the Catholic churches; they are rich and far more competent to give to church and charitable purposes than the congregations of the faithful, and yet they are shown to have fallen far behind in the good work. Why is this? We all know how loud they are in their professions; how seemingly eager to contribute to the building of a house of worship or the founding of an hospital or asylum. Is it possible that there is corruption connected with the use of the moneys, or are these professions empty air and sound. The statement which is given is based in each instance on the real value of the land upon which the buildings have been erected, They are not placed at fancy prices, but at figures ruling at present in the real estate market. The buildings are placed at what they cost. Presbyterian Church property, $468,000; Hebrew Church property, $374,125; Methodist Church property, $236,985; Episcopalian Church property, $340,500; Congregational Church property, $262,000; Baptist Church property, $118,750; Lutheran, etc., Church property, $72,100; Unitarian Church property, (one only) $160,000. Total miscellaneous property owned or controlled by all religious sects in San Francisco, (exclusive of the Catholic) viz: Young Men's Christian Association, Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, City College, the Chinese mission houses, Protestant Orphan Asylum, Bible Society, University College, etc, $659,500. Total value of all our church and benevolent institution property, exclusive of that owned by the Catholic Church, $2,691,960. Catholic churches and other property owned by same sect, (convents, colleges, asylums, hospital, etc), 2,740,460. Total value or cost of all property in the city devoted to religious or benevolent objects and owned by all sects, $5,432,420.

IT is not without feelings of just pride that we lay before our readers some of the very complimentary notices which we are continually receiving from our contemporaries in the Eastern cities. It is a source of gratification to know that our efforts in the cause of the true religion are appreciated, and that we are not writing for subscribers who take our paper—not to read it, but merely in performance of a duty to support the religious press of the day. The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, one of the best edited and influental Catholic journals in the country, says: "THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN, of San Francisco, though it has undergone a change in its management, has lost none of its ability as a Catholic paper above the narrowness of nationalism. We rejoice and sympathize with it, in our mutual abhorrence of a prevalent spirit to dishonor Catholic faith and retard the propagation of Catholic truth, by pandering to any national feeling or custom when it is antagonistic to the Gospel which the Church of God teaches. Neither we, nor it, judging from the manly, fearless tone in which it speaks, will purchase a degrading popularity at so dear a price. *Qui vult capere, capiat.* "*We are freely subservient to eternal truth.*" We recognize no other dictation. We fear no censure but that of lawful, spiritual authority; and we regard with contempt the presumptuous carping and stilted criticism of papers, too cowardly to be Catholic, too slavish to spurn the yoke of nationalism, and too weak, intellectually, to master the simplest lessons of the Catholic catechism. We write, as we preach, the *whole* word of GOD; we would far rather bear the fault-finding of those who bow, by a lamentable and pernicious habit, to anti-Catholic nationalism which has ripened, as a salutary admonition to the Catholic world, into the present schism in Germany, than mutilate that word which S. CHRYSOSTOM teaches to be as sacred as the body of CHRIST. We are of the priesthood of the Catholic Church, that embraces all nationalities, and gives preëminence to none. We believe that we share, though it be in a very small degree, in the high mission to make our readers in this country faithful, exemplary members of the Catholic American Church, and we shall always try to fulfill it. With us the attempted throttling of a press that is Catholic only, as far as its nationalism permits, will more signally fail than any honeyed, but delusive words of persuasion, to induce us to be recreant to our duty. The coöperation of the San Francisco GUARDIAN gives appreciated encouragement. Our course will not at all times be popular; we would abandon it if it were, since this would be a conclusive argument against its honesty and justice. But it is something far better—it is Catholic, and will be in the end, like all that is marked by the seal of Catholic faith, triumphant." As we have frequently declared, THE GUARDIAN will be the organ of no nationality—Catholicity is confined to no nationality, but embraces the nations of the world. THE GUARDIAN is published in the interests of Catholicity. The *Irish American Leader*, of Boston, an excellent paper, and a true exponent of Irish principles, speaks as follows of THE GUARDIAN: "Among the exchanges which have recently appeared upon our table, we mark with especial pleasure that of THE CATHOLIC, GUARDIAN of San Francisco. It has the true ring of a Catholic journal, and bears the impress of able editorial talent upon every column. As an exponent of Catholic principles it stands upon no equivocal ground. Fallacies, though clothed in triple steel, are stripped of their false tinsel, while the absurd theories of DOLLINGER and HYACINTHE find, in THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN, an unrelenting opponent. As an instructor and news journal, THE GUARDIAN occupies a prominent position in Catholic literature, and should be on the table of every Catholic family on the Pacific Slope." Let Catholics ponder these expressions well.

WE have already declared ourselves most earnestly opposed to the peace policy, in dealing with the Modocs and other hostile tribes of Indians. They have done too much to devastate our frontier—brought too much sorrow into the homes of settlers' families, to gain our sympathy. There are too many whitened bones unburied on our plains, too many spots made horrible by the infamous torture of white prisoners kidnapped and carried off, which these red devils there perpetrated. We shall not deny to the Indian his wrongs. He has had them, and more than enough, but we must deny him the right of insane retaliation upon all who are so unfortunate as to fall within his clutches. Of all men whom we should consider most entitled to cry aloud for the extermination of the Modocs, stands first and foremost the son of the murdered Commissioner, Rev. Dr. E. C. THOMAS, of this city. His, indeed, is a wrong which exceeds in sorrow all others; and yet we have before us a letter from his hand, so remarkable in this age of hot-blood and anger that we give it in full. From first to last it breaths a spirit of forgiveness, of Christian charity, which is all too rare among the peoples of the world. It is as if he said, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do."

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14, 1873.

HON. A. A. SARGENT, United States Senator—Dear Sir:—It suddenly occurs to me to write you a few words. It was undoubtedly through you that father was appointed upon the commission to the Modocs, and it may be that, in spite of your judgment to the contrary, your feelings may condemn your agency in the matter. Do not reproach yourself; neither for our sakes let the policy of the nation toward the Indians be changed in its spirit—in obedience to the frenzy of the hour. Of course they must be punished and overcome, and made to feel our power. But read the Sacramento *Record* on the subject of the "Modoc Assassination" of the 14th of April, which I have just read. If the severest punishment be visited upon the hostile Indians, let peace and justice and security be still sought for others. Father's heart was in the cause in which he gave his life, and the cause is worthy and must be persevered in. We suffer for the ill-deeds of our own race, and must still suffer, perhaps. But we owe it to ourselves and to the Indians to persevere. I hope you are with me still, in this. I hope General GRANT is. The Indians must know our power, and that our mercy is not cowardice; they must know our word is true. I speak for myself, and I hope I may be entitled to some consideration. I am not asking for false mercy, or that the frontiersmen be exposed to any

avoidable risk of life and property. The Indians are what they are, I believe, because the white men with whom they are in contact have been what they have been. We are to blame. Not the poor Modocs, but the rapacious, lawless, perfidious whites are guilty of his blood. We blame no one for his death. Now that the first shock has passed away, we find more to rejoice in than to mourn over. He was ready—always ready. His heart was only love. How any man or beast could meet the kind smile of that face, and do the old man harm I can not understand. In the fullness of his power, in the ripeness of his manhood, when he was living every day so near the heavenly world, and was always in near communion with the better land, GOD took him higher at once—painless. To few men, comparatively, is it given to die like a martyr, and for your agency in thus securing the past of a glorious life in the service of his church and his fellow-men, and in securing the future for him and us, I thank you. We will pluck up our hearts, and follow on till GOD grants us the blessing of death. The flurry will soon pass over. Without saying any thing now, let the Government adhere to its grand purpose to be just and true to these children of the land. Don't let the precious blood of the dead be only the signal for an insane crusade for vengeance. Let it not be for war alone. They died who lived for peace. To be sure, peace will come through war, but not by extermination. Mother bears it well; so do the children. We are happy, because he is happy beyond the chance of suffering. And he did suffer here, and suffering made him perfect. He was already beyond the reach of malice to anger or provoke him, but not, of course, to wound his soul. And now his cup is full of joy. Yours, truly, E. C. THOMAS.

IF there be any justification for a man who takes the law into his own hands, and wreaks vengeance on the head of him whose crimes the law fails to notice, it must be in the case of him who slays the would-be seducer of his daughter. The remembrance of the shooting of MARCHANT, the collector, is still fresh in mind. This man, beyond the prime of life, the father of a large family, and the husband of a third wife, young in years, goes about the perpetration of a most infamous crime. His intended victim is the daughter of the man who had been his friend for many years; who if reports speak true, had pecuniarily aided him on different occasions. His plans are laid with the cunning of the heartless villain that he is, and his victim harrassed and annoyed until, in self-defense, she is compelled to tell the sickening story to her father. She is at once brought without the influence of the villain who would ruin her, and placed in a seminary for young ladies. Still she is not safe from the insidious attacks made against her virtue, and her father is again made aware of the infamous actions of his former friend. He goes to him, expostulates and begs him to desist from his infamous purpose. He is laughed at—nay, if insult could be added to injuries so sore as he has already received, he has it all. What was he to do? Here was this wolf that would break in upon the fold which he had guarded for so long, only waiting an opportunity to do its worst. The law, perhaps, when the deed was accomplished would have taken cognizance of it. But that had been done then which could not be undone, and what was needed was safety in the present. That safety this injured father made for himself. While the villain who had stirred the anger in the blood of age was sitting in his office—perhaps, even then, perfecting the plan which he had made for the ruination of innocence—the father came upon him and shot him dead. It was not long before the cause became known throughout the city, and the universal verdict was "Served him right." On Monday, the Grand Jury reported that they had found no bill against Samuels, the slayer of MARCHANT, and he was discharged from custody. The sensational press, in its disappointment at being deprived of the details which were expected from the case, cried out against this action, but well-disposed and unprejudiced people applauded and were satisfied with the result. We hope the lesson in all this will deter men from following in the steps of MARCHANT, who expiated his offenses with his life.

SOME time ago we took occasion to speak of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, and the manner in which its funds were handled and disposed of. We had before us a copy of the last annual report of the Association, in which its assets (?) and liabilities were set forth at length. We found that among the expenditures was one item of $5,000, for interest on the debt which was hanging over the property. The thing which we feared has come to pass at last, and we learn that on Monday morning, in the Fourth District Court, the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society obtained judgment against the Young Men's Christian Association for $45,-670.80, on foreclosure of mortgage. Is there not some thing startling to contemplate in all this? See what the managers of this most unworthy organization have been doing. To give sinecures and fat salaries to a few old imbeciles, who were either too lazy to do honest work, or preferred to live at the hands of others, they have erected fine buildings, bought fine books and furniture, and placed their favorites in possession of them all. What cared they if they were compelled to run in debt to do all this? Were there not charitable people and open purses among us — could they not apply to these with whining words, and thus perpetuate and keep alive their unworthy speculation? We know how long they have been successful; but of late days their reputation has not been of the fairest, and those who had at first been duped into giving freely, saw that their money could be put to many worthier objects, and so withdrew their support. What though the young Christian whined and sniffled the long night through—his tears were those of disappointment, not of regret, and had no effect on those who had befriended him for so long. The consequence we have already related — foreclosure of mortgage and disclosure of the capital upon which these young Christians have been doing business. We can not say that we sympathize with them; for their actions have already disgusted their once most ardent admirers. They entered in upon a field of usefulness in which they might have done much good. They forgot all this in the furtherance of selfish motives, and we are not sorry that the money which they have for so long diverted from its proper channels will again be turned to the ends for which it was contributed.

AMONG the appointments made by the President for foreign missions, last year, was that of Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. He was sent as a delegate to the International Statistical Congress at S. Petersburg, and during his stay in Europe visited a large number of the most important manufacturing localities, employing his time, before and after the meeting of the congress, in investing the cost and condition of labor in those branches which compete with similar industries in the United States. In obtaining this information, he interviewed both employers and employés, with a view of instituting comparisons in the relative conditions of the laboring classes of Europe and the United States, and has collected a vast fund of information, which is deemed so valuable that it is about being compiled for publication in book form, under the title of "Statistics of Labor." In obtaining his information, Dr. YOUNG personally visited the iron-producing regions of England, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, and other places; in Scotland, the ship-yards on the Clyde, and the manufactories of Glasgow and Dundee; and on the continent, all the large cities of Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Rhenish Prussia, Krupp's celebrated steel works at Essen, John Crockerill's iron and steel works at Seraing, the glass, coal, and iron districts of the Charleroy county, and the chief cities of Northern and Eastern Russia. In other parts the information was obtained through correspondence. The data obtained embraces not only the rates of wages and weekly earnings of male and female employés, but the cost of the chief articles of subsistence, weekly expenditures for food, room-rent, etc., and the condition and habits of the working people as to health, comfort and education. In the volume to be published, the data so collected will be supplemented by a carefully collated statement of wages, cost of living, rent of dwellings and social condition of the American mechanic and labor, and, it is believed, will have the effect of largely stimulating the immigration of a class of working people who will materially aid in the prosperity of the manufacturing interests of this country.

SOME time ago a court martial at Versailles condemned to death M. FELIX PYAT for the crimes of "incitement to civil war, complicity in the murder of the hostages, and participation in the Commune." M. FELIX PYAT is, at present, living comfortably in Newman Street, Strand, and he did not give himself the trouble to go over to Versailles to be tried, nor will he go over to be shot. *Au contraire*, from his snug retreat in London, he has written a pleasant letter to the President of the French Assembly, of which the following is a translation: Monsieur the President: Condemned to death, it is time I settle my affairs. That will not take long, the army of order, in default of my skin, having taken every thing of mine, even to my shirts. No matter; the cash-box of the Assembly owes me my pay as Deputy, 25 francs a day, from 13th of February, the day of its opening, to March 2d, the day when, the peace made, I went out, after having pronounced the words which have become the cry of France — "Dissolution!" If the Assembly had died then how many more persons would be living today! But that is not the question. Sixty days at 25 francs make 400 francs, which I have no more received than the 1,000 francs of the Commune. I bequeath, then, this sum, and I beg you to transmit it to the subscription opened to the succor of the families of the political victims, in addition to the donation which I may myself send. It is little, no doubt, for such a great need. But if, by my example, and not less condemned to death than me, you and your 750 colleagues will also be good enough to put in order your affairs according to your consciences; if you will turn over to the same subscription, not what is due you, but what you have, I think, wrongly received since your mission was ended by the peace, then these poor widows can bring up the orphans whom the Assembly has made by surviving its own right. I have the honor to be, Mr. President, your colleague, FELX PYAT.

EVERY now and then some enterprising, shoddy, aristocrat, in making the grand tour, comes into the city of Rome in the midst of the summer months, and finds that he is just in time for the yearly sickness, the fevers and agues which come up from the adjacent campagnas. He thinks to himself, we do these things differently at home, and at once begins reckoning the cost of draining these vast spaces, and computing the value of the tract if laid out in town-lots and homesteads. The plan to drain these places is, of course, feasible, and the malaria which arises from them might be banished if the proper means were applied. There are more than half a million of acres in the vicinity of Rome where these death-dealing influences still prevail, exclusive of the dank and dreary Pontine marshes. The desolation of the campagna is picturesque compared with the gloom of these dismal swamps, but it is hardly less significant of disease and death. Very few, even, of the persons who work in the campagna pass the night there, if they can avoid it. The instinct of self-preservation impels laborers to walk miles to and from their toil to a safe sleeping-place. The farm buildings belonging to the non-residents, who have vainly endeavored to make any thing out of their agricultural ventures, are as massive looking as fortresses. They are designed, indeed, to exclude the insidious enemy that hovers around this region, and, by their thick walls and heavy shutters, to resist his approach. We learn that one of our countrymen has recently offered the Italian Government to drain and make habitable these places for a certain stipulated sum. It is a grand undertaking, and we do not know that the proposition will be entertained; but the American has shown that the thing can be done, and if it ever should be accomplished, we shall claim for *our* ingenuity, the palm.

WE have received from the Catholic Publication Company, of No. 9 Warren Street, New York, "*The Progressionists and Angela.*" The second of these novelettes, by the most popular writer of fiction among the Catholics of Germany, is really a charming story. The character of "Angela" is remarkably well drawn, and is the type of a perfect Christian woman, in the three phases which are so full of moral and poetic beauty, as maiden, bride, and mistress of the household. The first one is very different, dealing with incidents and scenes which are not so pleasing, but unfortunately equally real. As both are reprints from the pages of the *Catholic World*, many readers will remember them, and, no doubt, be glad to get them in a separate form. Those who have not read them will find them not only entertaining reading, but full of thought and instruction on most important and practical topics of modern life.

SOME time ago the Young Men's Christian Association began a crusade against the vice which exists in certain disreputable localities in this city. The intention was good, but they were hooted for their pains, and the word of GOD was brought into contempt. The same thing was tried at a race-course at Bristol, England, not long since, and the result was exactly similar. Some good people determined to counteract the influence of the sport by distributing tracts in the crowd and displaying banners inscribed with striking texts of Scripture, but the mob tore and trampled upon the flags and pelted their bearers with sticks and clods of turf. It is a question whether such teachings do not more harm than good.

COMPLAINT has been made by the Spanish Minister in England, respecting the raising of subscriptions in aid of the Carlists. Mr. GLADTSONE has submitted the matter to the law officers of the Crown, who have decided that the Government can not interfere. Mr. GLADSTONE arranged with his friends to be questioned on the subject soon after the re-assembly of Parliament, and on replying to the effect above stated, was significantly reminded by the Opposition of the painful experience through which the nation has lately passed in regard to the observance of neutrality laws.

DURING the earlier part of the week, a report was current in this city that HENRY WARD BEECHER was on his way to this city, and the evening when he was expected to arrive, an army of admirers were at the ferry-landing to greet him as he came ashore. They were disappointed in their expectations, however, as the eloquent divine was not on board, nor had he even taken his departure from his residence in Brooklyn. Mr. BEECHER, however, is expected in this city next month.

THE GUARDIAN.

PRO ECCLESIA DEI.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 10, 1873.

ROTTEN AT THE CORE.

WE have already referred, in former issues, to the condition of VICTOR EMMANUEL'S government in Italy. We have shown how this thing, with the semblance of all that was fair and good, was corrupt and rotten at heart; how, while it was almost tottering to its fall, the myrmidons of the Robber King were sending dispatches all over the world, picturing falsely the state of affairs that existed among them; how, while the populace grew sullen and discontented, their murmurs were drowned with the rattle of the drums of standing armies. Consider, for one moment, the enormous preparations for war which are now being made in Italy, and say if they do not portend something more, than is exhibited and affirmed by the Government. Never was the system of recruiting carried on at such a prodigious rate as now. According to the new bill which has lately been introduced, every Italian subject, with the exception of young men who are preparing for the clergy, is required to serve in the army between the ages of eighteen and forty. They say that the Government will need these troops in the war which must ensue between Italy and France, with, perhaps, Germany as an ally of the former nation. One of the prominent statesmen in the present Government, M. DELLA GATTINA, believes that, by the new bill, an army of 800,000 men will have been prepared and placed in the field within four years. Are not these preparations made on a most magnificent scale—are they not suggestive of thought? Undoubtedly, the war which VICTOR EMMANUEL fears, and against which he professes to make these preparations, is not an improbable event in the future; but there are those who see a still more urgent necessity for these immense levies of troops than, he has yet affirmed. There are those who have felt the pulse of the Italian people, and found it beating with a rapidity and violence indicative of great agitation at heart. They do not hesitate to affirm that these standing armies are more needed to overawe and keep in subjection his own people, than for protection from encroachments from abroad. Correspondents who have not been dazed by the brilliancy of display, or deafened by the sound of loud professions, have noted the real state of affairs in Italy, and written accordingly. But perhaps the most convincing and concise report of the real condition is that made by the correspondent of the *New York World*. "I have before me," he says, "sixteen private letters from Italy. They are from different places — Rome, Milan, Naples, Turin, Venice, Florence, Genoa, and Bologna; they are written by very different people—priests, members of the Italian Parliament, journalists, scientific men, officers of the Italian army, and English residents; but they all contain answers to one question, and, with wonderful unanimity, tell the same story. Each tells it his own way — some exult over the fact which they tell; others mourn over it; others regard it with philosophical indifference, but they all have reached the same conclusion and look for the same event. Each one of them supposed that he was the only person who had been asked the question to which these letters contain the reply; no one of them concerted with the others his answer; the witnesses in this case, in other words, have been brought separately into court; there has been no collusion between them, and their evidence, I think, must be taken as conclusive. How these letters were obtained I need not state; they were given me by the gentleman to whom they were written, on condition that while I might make known the purport of their contents, I should not quote any passage from them, nor divulge the personality of the writers. Well, then, what were these gentlemen asked? They were asked to say what, in their opinion, was the present condition of the monarchy in Italy? Could it long sustain itself? Was it in peril, either from the Republican or from the Clerical party, or from both? Could it long continue to pay its way? Was it not already bankrupt? What was their answer? Every one of these sixteen gentlemen — each regarding the matter from his own point of view, and each well qualified, some of them exceptionally well qualified to judge —declares, each in his own way, that the Italian Government to-day is trembling on the brink of a precipice. over which it is morally certain to be pushed by forces which it can not resist."

Is this not truly a most convincing showing? Among the letters of these correspondents not one was found which failed to condemn the invasion and conquest of the Holy City. It mattered not whether the writer were priest or layman; each was decisive in his condemnation of the infamous robbery of the HOLY FATHER'S possessions. Of all the mistakes which VICTOR EMMANUEL might have made, none could have proven more fatal, or led to greater embarrassment than the seizure of the Pontifical domains. It was an act which was committed to satisfy the clamors of the Republicans, and when it had been consummated, he found that they were still crying for more. Successful in their first demand, they now insisted on the extirpation of the Papacy, and the utter abolition of all religion. VICTOR EMMANUEL though he had already yielded too much — saw that they were now asking that which could only result most fatally to all concerned. He was well aware that the majority of Italians were Catholics, and although they had borne much already in silence, he knew to push them further to the wall would cause such a revolution as would shake and topple him from his stolen throne. Then it was he said to those who clamored for so much: "I shall yield no further." What is the consequence? He finds himself between two fires, both of which gall and burn him at every movement. From Catholic Italy he can hope for no support, and from Republicanism he has much to fear.

The condition of his own Parliament is in a state which affords little hope for aid in that quarter. It is not likely that a body which too frequently finds itself without a quorum in consequence of the disgust or apathy of its members will offer any means by which the King may extricate himself from his present predicament. The army is still loyal, but it is well known that there is a deep vein of sympathy running all through it for the HOLY FATHER in his afflictions. The financial aspect for the monarchy is black enough, and there are many who affirm that the Government is really and hopelessly bankrupt. The confiscation—or, more properly, the robbery of church property—has done much to bolster up the falling ruin, but even this is at last a failing support. It is worthy of note that no government ever yet was the gainer by robbing the Church, and Italy is in a fair way to prove herself no exception to the rule. In the meanwhile, taxation has reached a limit which was never attained, even in this country during her sorest hour of trial, and the people groan under burdens which they are unable to bear. Naturally, the death of either VICTOR EMMANUEL or the HOLY FATHER is an event which will make its influence felt, not only in Italy, but throughout the world. Republicanism pretends to see, in the death of the Pope, the abolishment of the Papacy and the supremacy of its party. Catholic Italy looks forward with confidence to a change which will place Rome again in the hands of the Papacy, and inaugurate a brighter and happier era for the Italian Peninsula. The immediate future is big with great events, and their birth can not be long delayed.

WOMAN'S WORK.

ONE of the proudest boasts that we, of the nineteenth century, are wont to make, is, that we have elevated the status of woman to a higher and fairer plane than she has ever known in the history of the world. We have taken her from the condition of drudge, and too frequently slave to the firmer sex, and dignified her with the title of helpmeet and equal. We have conceded that her mental faculties were not inferior, and that their cultivation was as much to be looked to, as in the case of those who ware so fortunate as to be born males. We have instituted for her schools and seminaries; appointed professors who might teach and instruct; and we now ask what more is there to be done? The answer comes back to us in shrill and shrewish tones—"Give us the ballot; give us the rights of men, and then your work will have been partially completed." The subject is indeed one which will admit of various treatment, and while we hesitate to include the consideration of suffrage in our article, we hardly dare to pass these women who cry to us in their indignation, without at least an answer. We have, on former occasions, expressed our opinions on the subject. We are unequivocally opposed to conceding the ballot to the weaker sex. The whole history of the world, from the first woman in the garden to the foremost in the ranks of the army of suffragists, exhibits that she is unfitted to mingle in affairs of state. We know that there were learned women in all ages, that they have made their mark in literature, science, and some, even, in metaphysics; but we shall not concede that these women were in their proper sphere. They had forced themselves without its pale, but they had not the strength to drag after them their sisters, who looked up to them with longing eyes. The very constitution of woman, both mental and physical, shows that she is formed to execute, but not to create. Instinct, too, frequently takes the place of reason, and though she may, on occasions, arrive at conclusions more speedily than man, yet the latter will explain the chain of thought by which he was directed, while the former is at a loss to account for her conclusion. We know full well that there are many worthy talented women scattered throughout the country, who do not approach this subject without certain feelings, which they care not to express. We know how many of these women work and toil by the side of their husbands in silence; how they go through life, seemingly content to be the adviser without credit from the outside world, and yet the guide of their husband's actions, so long as the love for which they live is preserved to them. The world is not willing to give credit to the wife of the man who is successful in his aspirations, and yet, in how many cases, where an examination has been made, has it been found that the advice of the wife and mother, was the chart which kept him from stranding on the shoals upon which other men, deprived of this aid, had struck and gone down. And shall we refuse the ballot to such as these, and give it to the most ignorant and debased of our people, merely because he is made in the image of man? A question, we admit, which is not easily answered. But let us reply by putting another. Because this animal whom we unjustly dignify with the name of man has, either by his own wilfulness or by other circumstances, unfitted himself, or been unfitted, for the exercise of the noblest rights of citizenship, shall we open the door to all who are unfitted? Though we may admit a few, who, no doubt, would act with a knowledge of their responsibility, and an appreciation of the right which they exercised, shall we concede to the great mass which is plainly unworthy of the charge, the rights they now so clamorously demand? Does the abuse of the suffrage which is too often found in men justify the still greater abuse which would be made if it were given to all women? We know that there are hardships which they now undergo in consequence of this seeming injustice, but we also know that there are none which certain conceded rights of property apart from suffrage would not abolish. We also know that the few who are worthy to exercise the rights of the ballot will at once recognize and admit that these conceded rights of property are all that is required — nay, more, all that is reasonably desired by them. The history of the many conventions which have been held by women in this and other countries clearly indicate their unfitness for the thing which they crave. When was ever a result achieved by them which was worthy of the cause in which it was made? In almost every instance the adjournment was had either in confusion, or in a similar manner to that which lately threw such disgrace on the cause in this city. There were, we will admit, good and worthy women in these assemblages—women who might have used the ballot with judgment and a keen appreciation of its worth, but they were in a most pitiable minority —a minority representative of that which exists in the outside world. Human nature is corrupt, and the majority were unable to steer clear of the rocks of Free Love and the equal liberties. We fear the wholesome restraints which now exist, if removed altogether, would conduce but little to the general morality of women.

As we have asserted, we have done much to elevate the condition of the female mind, and the superior race of women which we are proud to claim is a consequent of our action in this respect. But there is still something which will work to her further benefit which, we have thus far given too little thought. Work! woman's work! is something to which we give too little consideration. We can no longer afford to look upon her as a mere parlor ornament; a plaything, to be caressed and fondled in our hours of leisure, a petted child, who is to brighten our sadder moments by the light of her smiles. There are too many poor girls growing up among us, there is too much hurry and bustle, need of too many hands in this rapid age, that hers may be folded. When the Almighty, in His wrath, pronounced the curse of labor upon all mankind, she was not separated and set apart from the rest. The scriptures are filled with sentences that clearly indicate the intention of the Almighty was not to such an end. It is work that she needs, work that ennobles the mind and makes lighter the heart. When women, both rich and poor, shall the better understand the danger of that indolence, which is too often courted under the false impression that it is fashionable to do nothing, and that they were made to be waited upon, the world will see less of female misery, less of depraved women, who falsely deplore the perfidy of man. If we are in earnest in our professions to elevate women, let us go to work in the right way. Let us cast aside this question of suffrage, and open the avenues of labor to her. Let us examine her qualifications carefully, and when we have found trades and professions for which she is fitted, place her therein, even though we may be compelled to displace men, who are now filling these positions. We know, from the experience of ages, that she is especially adapted to the teaching of children. Her maternal instincts guide her in a thousand ways to inculcate knowledge, which man would never follow. She knows full well that the surest way to the head is by the heart, and her pupils are led on by their affections, in the pursuit of knowledge, as well as by their ambition. We concede this much by the use which we make of her in our schools. We will not concede to her, however, a seat in our school boards. Why is this? We find again, that she is es-

pecially fitted for certain branches of mercantile business; as an accountant, she is always accurate, and never neglectful. Offer her, then, position as book-keeper in our wholesale and retail departments, and turn out the sleek young men who pore over their ledger day after day, while they might be engaged in pursuits which would call for more extended range of thought, and probably, greater exercise of muscular activity. We find that she is especially fitted for judging of finer textures, silks and laces and ribbons. Let her occupy this field. Place her behind the counter where young soap-locks now wriggles and smirks and smiles, and see if she fill not the place with credit to herself and profit to her employer. And in some of the higher professions, we shall find that she may rightfully claim to be recognized. In medicine she has not been without recognition from the earlier times. During the middle ages, the healing art was practised by many worthy women, with the greatest success. In surgery she has not achieved fame, nor do we believe that she is physically constituted for it, but the doors of our schools of medicine should not be closed against her. We might go on at length to recount the different branches of labor and professions for which she is suited, but space admonishes us to desist. In all that we have named, however, there are barriers placed against her, which should be at once broken down. When this is done, and women have learned to understand their true position in the social scale, we shall see a finer, nobler race of women than we now boast, and this chimerical chase after suffrage will be forgotten. It may be alleged that in giving women work, throwing open to her all the avenues, which have for so long been trod mostly by men, that there is danger of her becoming too masculine, as would be the case, were she granted suffrage. Of all things of which intelligent men have an abhorrence, it is a masculine woman — one who substitutes unfeminine boldness for the force of manhood, which she so much desires. We do not believe, however, that this could result. The work, in itself, would have that influence upon her mind, and effect such discipline as would teach her the disgust which such action awakens in man. Of course we can not expect that man will willingly, or at once, admit women, on an equality with himself, to those trades and professions for which she is fitted, but still we hope that the time will come when her *real rights* will be respected. Work, and not the ballot, is woman's need.

[*For The Guardian*]

OVERLAND TO LOS ANGELES.

OVERLAND any where in these days means iron rails and locomotives rushing through towns, pastures, grain, and over rivers at the rate of thirty miles an hour, behind the smoking, hissing iron-horse of the nineteenth century. Only in a few directions is it possible for the traveler now-a-days to jolt on a loaded coach through chuck-holes and quagmires, listening to the yarns of the stage-driver, and enjoying the still-life of a country as yet free from stock-brokers, insurance agents, newspaper reporters, *cum mutis aliis hostibus humani geneus*. The stage route to Los Angeles, *via* the coast line, is one of the pleasantest summer trips imaginable; going over it now for the third time this year, I can trace pleasant memories from one end of the route to the other. I stopped for a night at San José — long enough to see the beautiful church of the Jesuits, to admire the convent, and regret the impossibility of a visit to Santa Clara. Lower down the line is the dull and deserted town of Gilroy, where I think I counted twenty-two stores closed up in the main street, on my way from the hotel to the church. The sisters have quite a solid looking convent there—adjoining the church, which is small, but tastefully designed and thoroughly substantial. In looking, during the afternoon, for the church at Gilroy, which is some way out of the town, I was misled into visiting an edifice decorated with a big cross; which, however, proved to be an Episcopal gospel shop of the Puseyite type. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" From Gilroy I went on the cars to Watsonville, to make the acquaintance of the hospitable parish priest there, and wonder at his energy and zeal in paying off a debt of $9,000 since his tenure of the parish. The church there is too large for the parish, and not yet finished inside; but Watsonville is a growing town, and a few years will probably see a great change for the better there. From Watsonville to Santa Cruz is a stage ride of eighteen miles, and I had the pleasure of seeing the convent and the church, which occupy two sides of the plaza, and make you feel that every step on the southern road brings you more and more into a specially Catholic country. Salinas is the present terminus of the railway, a bustling, muddy, adoble region, with a frame-building church, served at present from Castroville, though I hear an elegant building will be shortly commenced. At Salinas we leave the cars and hold on to a coach, traveling twenty-three hours over tho Salinas Plains, by Pleite, San Miguel, Paso Robles, and San Margurita, to the old mission town of San Luis Obispo. So many descriptions have been written, from time to time, of mission towns, that I will forbear inflicting another one on your readers here. San Louis Obispo — as the penny-a-liners say, nestles among the hills in a green valley surrounded by luxuriant orchards, and dotted with suburban residences and vine-clad slopes. Let this description suffice for one and all the towns I am going to write of. It is neither true nor false; but as my object is to describe more particularly the churches and the customs and habits of the Catholic portion of the population, any lengthy or detailed account of other matters would be uninteresting and out of place. I arrived at San Luis last time in the commencement of Holy Week. The church, on Palm Sunday, was crowded from chancel to door. After the blessing of the palms, the whole congregation go out of church with one of the priests, who knocks three times with the cross on the door of the church, representing our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. The third time the door is opened by the priest who remains on the inside, and priest and people enter, bearing palms in their hands and singing the *gloria laus et honor*, etc. The Spanish, as well as the American population, nearly all come into town for the last days of Holy Week, and they have many customs which are specially peculiar, I think, to their own dioceses and parishes. The ritual and rubrics of Holy Week are carried out in their entirety. Before describing the ceremonies of Holy Week, in relation to Spanish customs, I want to allude to the great devotion displayed by the people, to the Blessed Virgin. On all feasts of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the churches are crowded, and after Mass it is usual for the congregation to remain and sing hymns of their own accord in her honor. First, one party of friends, then another, sing supplications and hymns, taking up the burden of the song in turn. These hymns are termed "*Alavances*," and the effect is indiscribably beautiful. Another custom, hardly so attractive, but of very ancient origin, is the making an effigy of Judas, and carrying him round town laden with old boots and clothes, which they deposit at the different Jewish stores in town. The Jewish storekeepers take the joke very pleasantly, and when the bells ring out on Holy Saturday at the *gloria in excelsis*, poor Judas, (having been previously filled with powder) is blown up, and sent sky-high. I do not mention this as a devotional practice, (save the mark) as one sanctioned by right-thinking people, but Spanish boys cherish it, and seem to take great pleasure in punishing Judas to their heart's content. The last three days of Holy Week struck me as being even more than usually impressive here. The Blessed Sacrament being exposed for adoration on Holy Thursday, keeps the church full from dawn of day till ten o'clock at night. The High Altar was one mass of beautiful flowers and lights, and throughout the entire time of exposition, devotions were going aloud. At the open communion-rail two persons were constantly kneeling, each holding a wax candle. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes they relieved each other, and so kept the candles constantly held there during the whole time of the feast. I have so much to write with reference to Catholic matters—so much that will interest Catholic readers—that only the fear of taking up too much space prevents me from continuing my letter. In the hope, however, that my notes may prove of interest, and having on hand a large amount of information relative to the Indian customs in the early days of the missions, and having carefully observed many practices among the people of Southern California which were previously new to me, I purpose, from week to week, to apply my rough notes in the form of a letter, with one hope alone, that the observations of a Catholic traveling through a specially Catholic district of the Pacific Coast may possess sufficient interest to be read by subscribers to THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN. As I write I am waiting for the stage to Santa Barbara, from whence I will continue the notes of my overland trip. I may mention, in conclusion, that the newspaper reports of the stigmata appearing in San Francisco, have been reviewed here with but one opinion. Every one believes that the Church is constantly exhibiting such tokens of her oneness, sanctity, catholicity, and apostolic succession. The verification of the stigmata appearing on the person of Miss Collins, will be received here, as every-where, with unmixed satisfaction. No one doubts the probability of the miracle. Every one desires to see the facts sifted to the uttermost, that the result may redound, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*.

[*For The Guardian.*]

HOW HELEN FINALLY RESOLVED TO BECOME CATHOLIC.

IT was now Helen's turn to tell us, her former classmates, what had transpired of interest to herself since our parting, and as the larger number of our circle were still Methodist, she was requested to satisfy their curiosity in relation to her strange change of faith. Her story she gave as follows:

You will remember after I left the G. W. Seminary at L., I accepted a position as teacher in a school at R. The Principal was a Catholic, though I am confident it was known to very few; certainly, I did not even suspect it until he told me, as I will relate. The acorn incloses within its heart an undeveloped oak. It can only be developed by receiving the light of the sun and the breath of the atmosphere. As it is imprisoned by its natural shell it can not understand or respond to the language of love, which calls it to participate in the goods of a higher life, which it was fitted by its Creator to attain and enjoy. The shell must be opened by the most active appliances of the soil intended for the purpose, and the oak begins its life. Like the embryo oak I was imprisoned in a natural shell, which had been rendered harder by artificial means, and I could not know that I was intended to grow and receive a new life from the sun of justice, in the atmosphere of grace, dispensed by the Church of God, until the Divine Providence, ordering events, placed me in proximity with the force destined to burst open the shell of ignorance and prejudice.

Most of the literature to which I had access, when I first commenced teaching, was of a light, trashy character, and I had read it till I was soul-hungry, yes, famishing for some thing to rouse my mind to earnest thought, and as I had noticed that our Principal found his ordinary recreation in reading, I applied to him for a book. In answer to my solicitation, he replied that I was quite welcome to the use of any of his books, but he feared I would not fancy them, since they were Catholic books. I was thunderstruck with this announcement, and stood gazing at him like one demented, wondering if a man with such a high and expansive forehead, such an intelligent eye, could possibly approve of superstitious rites—worship a dead woman — kiss a Pope's toe, and defend the Inquisition, until he laughed a merry laugh, and, thrusting out his foot toward me, asked if I wanted to see if he had a cloven foot. My surprise was so real that I could not join in his laugh; nevertheless, I felt a little ashamed of manifesting my feelings so plainly, and beside, being a true daughter of Eve in curiosity, and quite fearless of consequences, I was instantly filled with the desire of examining what I considered as literary fossils from a dark age. When I left I carried with me a volume written by a Spanish Catholic — *Balmes' European Civilization*. I commenced reading it with much the same feeling as I would enter a museum, but before I finished was overpowered with a sort of conviction that if I was ever saved it would be by my becoming a Catholic. The work I was reading served merely to convince me that the Protestant world was far from being exclusive possessor of mental or moral acumen, but the conviction had come like a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky, entering my soul, I knew not from whence, but, unlike the lightning, it would not pass on and be forgotten. I had not been taught that God is most intimately present in the depths of our souls, and I thought it folly to take notice of a mere impression, but could not refrain from striving to discover some sufficient cause for its obtrusiveness. In this way I became interested in controversy, for which I had never before entertained any great predilection, and pored over Protestant, Infidel, and a few Catholic works of this class, ever hushing the voice within with the assurance that I was honest and sincere, and would not hesitate to turn Catholic, even, if I knew that it certainly was the true Church; but I always added that I could not see how it could be proved. Three years I soothed my sleepless nights with this opiate for my conscience, never suspecting that the voice, so deep in my soul, which I was striving to hush, was the voice of God, wooing me to burst the shell, hardened by bigotry and prejudice, and come into the light of a new and truer life. At the end of this period I had as little intention of becoming a Catholic as either of you have to-day, for I was fully persuaded that nothing short of a miracle could make me believe the doctrines taught by *the Church of the dark and persecuting ages*. It was then that a case of discipline in the school-room led to a long conversation on the nature of a lie, and the moral effect of duplicity. To illustrate some point, the Principal read for me two extracts: one from St. Augustine, and the other from St. Gregory. Before proceeding with the first, he premised that we had no right to dupe ourselves; that a lie is *never permitted*, but that it is often confounded with truth for want of a clear definition. "A lie," he said, "is to speak or act contrary to our convictions, with the purpose of deceiving others. Jacob's conduct toward his brother Esau seems, at first sight, to be a lie, but it is well explained by St. Augustine, who shows that instead of being a lie it contains a mystery." "Indeed, he says, "if this is to be called a lie, then all figurative language, such as tropes, metaphors and allegories, must be rejected as violations of truth, since they are all open to the same objection. Certainly, Jacob covered his members with the shaggy skin of a kid, and if we look no further than his act as materially represented, and take his words in their strict and literal sense, we may imagine that we discover a falsehood; but if we examine the symbolical meaning

of his action, we shall discover that it conveys a great truth: for the garb of hairy skins which covers him signifies the sins of mankind, while his person represents the Saviour, who had no sins of His own, but took upon Himself the sins of others. How, then, can that be styled a lie which has a true meaning, not only in fact, but also in word? Let us consider the words which Jacob used in speaking with his father. 'Who are you, my son?' asked Isaac. 'I am Esau, your first born,' he replied. Now if these words are referred simply to the two brothers, they will seem to contain a palpable lie, but when applied to the thing which they are intended to represent and to signify, every trace of falsehood disappears.' In the New Testament, our Lord speaks continually in figures and parables. In one place he calls himself a door, in another a vine, a shepherd, etc. Besides, who ever imagined that the actor on the stage is guilty of a lie because he personates another?"

The extract impressed me with the fact that the Catholic Church had been greatly maligned, for I could see that she neither forbade the reading of the Bible or defended falsehood, as I had been taught to believe. The gentleman then continued thus: "Even Christ our Lord is represented in the 24th chapter of St. Luke, in the character of one who seemingly acts contrary to his real intention, for he appears as a traveller who is determined to proceed farther on his journey, '*And He made as if He would go further.*' Was His divine will capable of change? By no means. How then can we explain this seeming want of sincerity in His mode of action? St. Gregory, in his 23d homily on the Gospel, explains our difficulty in the following manner: 'You have heard, most dear brethren, how our Lord appeared to two of his disciples, without, however, revealing himself or appearing in a guise by which they might be enabled to recognize him, while they were walking along the road to Emmans, and conversing, though not without a doubt, concerning the things related of him. In this he enacted before their eyes that which was transpiring in their hearts; for these disciples both loved and doubted at the same time, so the Lord, though outwardly present, did not make known to them who He was. He manifests His presence inasmuch as they are engaged in conversation about him, but does not enable them to identify him inasmuch as they doubted. Addressing them, he reproved the hardness of their understanding, and explained those mysteries of the Scriptures which regarded Himself, but because their hearts, not possessing faith, made Him still a stranger, He feigned that He would go further.' The word feign (Latin '*fingere*') signifies to frame or to form, hence from this word also is derived '*figuli potters*,' *i. e.*, formers or moulders of clay. Christ, who is simply truth itself, did not act here from duplicity, but exhibited Himself externally just as He was in their minds. In modern phraseology, He personated their interior, as it were, by a living photograph. The disciples were to be proved, since, if they did not yet love Him as God, they at least loved Him as a stranger; they invite Him, as a stranger, to partake of their hospitality; for those could not be remote from charity with whom the Eternal Truth was walking. But why do we say *invite*, when it is written that they constrained Him? It is because we are to understand from this example that strangers are not only to be invited to hospitality, but even urged. The disciples set a table and furnished it with bread and wine, and it is in breaking this bread that they recognize God whom they failed to discern during his explanation of the Scriptures. We may infer from this that men are enlightened not so much by hearing the commandments of God as by doing them, for it is written: 'Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified;' therefore, whoever wishes to understand the things which he has heard, let him hasten to the performance of the works inculcated, for you may observe our Lord was not recognized during His conference, but vouchsafed to make Himself known while partaking of the good they offered Him." It would take too long to give you the running commentary that passed through my mind during the reading of this passage, all of which seemed intended for me especially. Up to this time I had talked and read more for the sake of the gratification it afforded than from the desire of deriving benefit, but the few last lines of the extract from St. Gregory cleared the moral atmosphere of my conscience as a flash of lightning sometimes changes, almost instantaneously, the air we breathe. I saw that it had already been proved to me that the Catholic Church is the only organized body now existing in the world which derives its commission to teach and dispense the Sacraments from Jesus Christ Himself, and I saw that I had been actually laboring to dupe myself by fostering doubts, not in relation to the *commission*, truly, but in relation to the *doctrines* taught. "If any body will *do* His will, he shall know of the doctrine." "Grow in grace and in the knowledge of God" was evidently in keeping with his homily of the great saint. I thought if the promises made by Christ to His followers are desirable and above any thing the unaided human intellect could have imagined, why doubt? We can not understand the application of any science until we have plodded through its first rudiments, and practiced its former rules, and become familiar with its peculiar terms. How often I have asserted that I could reproduce in myself the thought or intention of another by copying in my own person his outward act minutely; why, then, by closely imitating our Lord, should we not learn of His doctrine? If one then desires to attain the Christian's Heaven, and is convinced that Jesus Christ is God, all he has to do is to examine the history of its church till he discovers that no one dare lay claim to being its founder but Jesus Christ, and then he may commence and practice what that church enjoins, and he will understand in good time the doctrines of our Lord—certainly a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err. "Our Lord has overtaken me in my journey, and has accompanied me as a stranger; what, then, can I do?" A reply came in my own heart, but with a voice of sternness and power, a tone of command: "What can you do? Imitate the disciples at Emmans: invite and constrain the stranger to accept your hospitality. You have heard the wonderful claims of the Church, and it seems impossible that all should be true. Your intellect is not able to grapple with the truths that belong to a supernatural order of existence, and you stand fighting against conviction. If the acorn could do as you do, it would decay and the oak never rejoice in the sunlight. Throw down your opposition and try the practice of what the Church inculcates. It can not injure God, society or yourself. You will recognize the Lord in the breaking of your bread, which you will offer Him in sacrifice. Truth alone can bind your conscience. If, therefore, you give entertainment to this stranger, and he still continues such, what harm will be done? Be baptized; put on the whole armor of justice." It seemed that as the words passed through my mind, all that was suggested had been accomplished. I appeared to have entertained a stranger, and found a friend, a counsellor, a guide, and I felt willing to be blind since I was not in doubt as to how I should act. While this silent colloquy was transpiring, I remained indifferent to or unconscious of the presence of my companion, until I was roused by his asking what I was thinking. I did not feel sober, or sad, or scarcely serious, for it seemed as if a spring of perennial joy had burst its way through the rock of my heart, and I answered that I was thinking to whom to apply for baptism, and how long it would take to prepare for confession. The look he gave me showed that he thought me demented, or that it would be well for *me* to prove that *I* had n't a cloven foot; however, it did not take long to convince him that I was not trifling. The next morning I awoke with an earnest purpose in my soul, and, as I reflected that it was Friday, a tender, loving thought suffused my eyes with tears. Is aid: "It was on this day of the week that Jesus died in horrible torments to secure to me that which henceforth I am going to struggle to attain. If, then, He is now risen and ascended into the world destined exclusively for His followers—a world of elevated happiness—He must watch with interest whatever occurs here, and it will surely please Him if I manifest any determination to take pleasure only in imitating Him. He is God; therefore all He did or suffered, instead of being, like the actions and sufferings of other mortals, through compulsion or influence of circumstances, must have been the result of His own divine choice, and by imitating Him, I, too, may make this divine choice. I wish to learn of His doctrine. I will begin forthwith to imitate His acts. I will fast from food to-day and dwell with my God suffering." In this prosy, matter-of-fact way I became a Catholic, and I would not part with my faith for all the world beside. Faith, if divine, and not a simple human belief, opens the heart to the contemplation—I had almost said comprehension—of the grandest truths of the universe. If we use the spiritual faculties of our being to subdue the animal and sensual, the exercise will increase the clearness of our spiritual vision. The motto of my first choice serves me now as well as it did then: *If you would know more, enter deeper into the mysteries of Christ by act.*

A VESPER HYMN.

BY CHARLES G. EDWARDS.

The evening bells of Sabbath fill
  The dusky silence of the night;
And through our gathering gloom distil
  Sweet sparkles of immortal light.
  Such hours of peace as these requite
The labors of the weary week;
  When thus with souls refreshed and bright,
Forgiveness of our sins we seek.

Oh, help us, Jesus, to conform
  Our spirits, thoughts and lives to thine!
Beyond this earthly strife and storm
  Oh, make Thy star of love to shine!
  When we are sinking in the brine
Of doubt and care, oh, come, that we,
  As Peter did, may safe resign
Our sinking helplessness to Thee.

Thy Godhood—whence all glory flows—
  Thou didst not scruple to abase,
To rescue from undying woes
  The sons of a rebellious race!
  Who can, unmoved, unweping, trace
Thy meek obedience to His will,
  Whose sole appointed means of grace
Thou didst, unto the Cross, fulfill!

Our wayward footsteps wander wide,
  Pursving Joy's delusive rays;
And, in hours of health and pride,
  Too oft from Thee our spirit strays;
  But soon descend the darker days,
When youth and strength their luster hide—
  And, journeying through a pathless maze,
  We turn to our neglected Guide.

Lead back, O Lord! Thy wandering sheep—
  Oh, guide us gently to Thy fold!
Instruct us all Thy laws to keep,
  And unto Thine our lives to mould!
  For we are weak, and faith grows cold—
Nor ever sleep the Tempter's powers;
  Thou art our only stay and hold—
Through Thee alone can Heaven be ours!

A darker shade, a denser gloom
  Descends on all the folded flowers;
While, silent as the voiceless tomb,
  Above them roll the midnight hours;
To-morrow's dawn, and their perfume
  Again will fill their glowing bowers—
Lord, after death so bid us bloom,
Where no frost chills, no tempest lowers.

SPIRIT OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL of New York is particularly disgusted with the "New School Board," and make reference to Mayor Havemeyer's action in the matter, in the following language. According to Act of Legislature, Mayor Havemeyer has appointed Commissioners of Public Schools, for the city. He has, in this city, in which *more than one-half* of the children of school age are Roman Catholics, graciously appointed *one* Catholic, of the twenty and one Commissioners. That is to show that he is "*entirely without any religious prejudice—looking only to fitness!*"

We have heard, casually, that the Catholic gentleman named has refused to serve. He is Eugene Kelly, Esq., known and respected as a very wealthy and eminent banker. We can well understand that Mr. Kelly has declined to serve on this Board. His nomination was part of a *calculated system*—calculated not by Mr. Havemeyer, the Mayor, but by some one who saves him the trouble of thinking, by giving him ideas already well digested. If Mr. Eugene Kelly could abandon his vast banking business, and devote himself, with his great practical talent, to studying and exposing the plans of the New York Public School Board, he would be an excellent representative—though the fact of his being the *only* Catholic in the Board would show the unfairness of the plan. But, if Mr. Kelly still continues the absorbing cares of his professional business, it is plain that his nomination is intended only as a *pretense* that Catholics are not *completely* excluded from the managing Board of Education.

The appointment of School Trustees for the several wards is devised on the same plan. *One* out of five in each ward is a Catholic—and not always even one. But the *working majority*, every-where, is not simply Catholic, even in wards almost entirely populated by Catholics, but is made up of men bigotedly opposed to the Catholic faith.

The conspiracy that has brought this about thinks it is "*wisely oppressing*" the Catholic Religion, by the sham of having *one* Catholic in a Board studiedly hostile.

But we tell them that *we congratulate them!* The extravagant Public School system, which we are unjustly taxed to support, is now, thank God, *confessedly*, *anti-Catholic*.

"Our friends the enemy, have cut the last rickety peg from under the plea of "Liberal Catholics," who have been trying to apologise for these nurseries of damnation—the public godless schools. We hope that no Catholic will consent to play the part of a *dummy*—of a man put on a board to misrepresent the people of his Faith—figuring as a minority of *one*, in each Board. "Come out of her, my people! That ye be not partakers in her plagues!"

THE *Western Watchman* is not pleased with those ultra pious individuals who are opposed to Church Fairs, and roll their eyes in horror at the idea of "Church lotterries." It takes occasion to say so: We have no patience with those lay teachers, who now and then acquire the management of professedly Catholic papers. They are very often wrong entirely, and, when right, generally destroy the effect of their utterances by harsh and extreme expressions. It is very easy to speak of abuses, but not quite so easy to suggest a practicable

remedy. It may be very wrong to resort to lotteries and festivals for the means of building and maintaining religious institutions. But how else can money be raised in a great many cases? It is very true, people should give out of pure charity, and give to the extent of their means and the merits of the object. Yet there are a great many people who are not so pure intentioned, and who require some real or imaginary *quid pro quo*. We must deal with human nature as we find it, not as we would have it be. We should be glad to do away with all these indirect sources of church revenue, and could personally rejoice in the passage of a diocesan statute prohibiting all fairs, raffles, festivals, picnics, and the like; but we will have to wait until parishes are parishes, and parish priests are parish priests, and people begin to regard parochial obligations as real obligations for themselves, individually. People move from parish to parish so frequently, and the rights of pastors are so vague and ill-defined, it is hard to force parishioners to believe that the debts of a church are personal obligations, and should be met like any other private liability. The result is, the priest must raise funds by means which many may deem of questionable propriety, and some even denounce as scandalous and sinful. If those who decry such expedients would, by their liberality, render them unnecessary, we assure them priests would be very glad to bid adieu to each and all of them.

THE *Catholic Advocate* says of "Infidelity:" Some time ago a gentleman observed in our presence that a Frenchman could never be a perfect Infidel, but rather a kind of bravado, who bowed his head to the popular opinion in the absence of danger. On inquiring for the reason, he answered that no one could be an infidel without passing first through Protestantism. The inference is logical, for Protestantism teaches to doubt of every thing, and from universal doubt there is only one step to the denial of every religious truth. Whenever there is no faith, and the clue which leads to it is not only lost, but rejected, the mind finds itself in a chaos of opinions. If it is sincere, it will weary and torture itself, till, disgusted with the struggle, it gives up in despair, in the same manner and for the same reason that scrupulous persons often become the most reckless sinners. If, on the contrary, the mind takes little or no interest in religious matters, it falls into indifferentism. It is just the argument used by the orgons of infidelity.

Suppose, says Mr. F. W. Clarke—a man of science, having no intuition of his own—should attempt to shape his belief by those of other people. He would see sects and clans of religionists, each with its special catalogue of "experiences," contradicting and quarreling with each other. Methodists, Baptists, Spiritualists, Ecstacies of all kinds, Hindus, Fakirs, and many others, all rush at him with sects of intuitions, many of which are radically opposed. What is he to do? If he accepts one portion of the "evidence" thus offered, he must reject the second. And if, contrary to our first hypothesis, he should happen to have some intuitions of his own, he might find them in direct antagonism to those of some other person. Moreover, he will see that almost every believer, in reporting his "experiences," adds to them quite unconsciously a variety of deductions, which may or may not be properly based upon the supposed facts themselves.

Theology is an intellectual science, which rests upon certain principles. Once these principles are removed it becomes groundless—nay, it is impossible to establish it on any thing else. The whole of theology is a syllogism, enunciated in the act of faith—"O my God, I firmly believe all the sacred truths which the Holy Catholic Church believes and teaches, because Thou hast revealed them who canst neither decieve nor be deceived. All of the above propositions are linked together, and can stand the test of reason. Separated, they cease to have a meaning; they only lead us into confusion, and drive us into despair or infidelity.

THAT abandoned female, Edith O'Gorman, who delights to style herself "The Escaped Nun," has turned up in Milwaukee, where she advertised to lecture during the past week. The *Catholic Vindicator* says in reference: "Miss Edith O'Gorman, otherwise dubbed, for effect, 'the Escaped Nun,' is to entertain a Milwaukee audience some night next week. We care nothing for the injury that such depraved creatures as she can do Catholicity, but we fear that the cause of morality will not be served by her foul discourse. The many intelligent Protestants, in this city, who send their daughters to our convents to be educated, can laugh at this abandoned woman's grotesque stories. And now a word to our Catholic friends, although we feel that our admonition is unnecessary: Miss O'Gorman has a right to come here and indulge her hearers, who pay for it, with a feast of obscenity—at least, the law gives her that right. As citizens, it is your duty to respect the legal rights of even such as she. Do not go near her; do not notice her or her vile aspersions on our religion; leave her severely alone, and let those who can enjoy her filth do so in peace. But let no morbid curiosity induce you to second her exertions by being present at her harangue. It is no excuse that you wish to hear what she has to say; you can not listen to her obscenity without being defiled thereby.

GENERAL EUROPEAN NOTES.

SPAIN.—The news of the week from the Peninsula may be summed up in two words — division and weakness in the capital, and confusion in the provinces. In fact, the two ruling powers in Spain at this moment appear to be the Carlists and the "International." At Madrid the latter power is completely master of the situation. The disorganization of the regular army, as it is called, is daily increasing, and there is no general on the side of Señores Figueras and Castelar who has influence enough to rally the troops in favor of the impotent thing they call the Government of the nation. The Government is afraid to trust any of the old generals and marshals of the Monarchy, and the marshals and generals having no confidence in the stability of the Republic, have no desire to link their fortune to its fate. The best thing in favor of Figueras and Castelas and their rickety progeny, is the want of cannon, small arms and ammunition by the Carlists. If they had an adequate supply of these sinews of war, we believe they would be masters of Spain in three weeks. In money, the other great sinew of war, they do not seem to be deficient; and in courage and strategy they are certainly the equals, if not the superiors, of the Republicans. An advertisement in a contemporary, inviting subscriptions from the Catholics of this country in favor of the Carlist cause, was brought under the notice of the House of Commons, on Monday evening, by Mr. Stapleton, who inquired of the First Minister whether, in view of our troubles in the Alabama affair, the Government would take measures to prevent British subjects from raising such a subscription? Mr. Gladstone replied that the Spanish Minister at the Queen's Court having brought this advertisement under the notice of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Granville consulted the law officers of the crown, who advised him that the advertisement and proposed subscription were not in any sense an infraction of the law of the land; and in these circumstances the Government could not interfere.—*London Tablet.*

IRELAND.—An illustration of the high moral standard which prevails among the upper circles in England and Ireland is to hand. Every man and woman in the United States who lived thirty years ago in either of the counties of Waterford, Tipperary or Kilkenny, will remember the sporting Marquis of Waterford — that wild scion of the noble house of Beresford, whose ordinary recreations comprised jumping his hunter in a drawing-room for wagers; riding on the flat roof of the family mansion for the purpose, as he used to say, of giving his younger brother a chance of succeeding to the property — galloping across the country by moonlight, and boxing with prize fighters. This nobleman had more hair-breadth escapes by flood and field than most men; and in the end a simple accident hurried him out of the world. He was in the hunting-field, leisurely riding his horse at a walking pace through a field; the animal placed one of its fore feet in a small drain, which was concealed by the grass, and stumbled forward; the Marquis toppled off on his head and was a dead man in three minutes. He left a widow, but no family, and, according to our law of succession, the next eldest brother, John, became Marquis of Waterford. Now, John was as different a man from the "Mad Marquis" (as the country people called his sporting Lordship) as two men possibly could be. At the time he unexpectedly came in for the title, and the vast estates which go with it, he was a Protestant clergyman with a large family and very moderate means. The sporting Marquis maintained a pack of fox hounds and bred race horses at Curraghmore, near Carrickon Suir; the reverend Marquis, having no tastes in that way, sold them all, horses and dogs, by auction. I was present while the stud of horses was being "knocked down" *seriatim* by the hammer of the auctioneer. As some favorite animals of the deceased Marquis were trotted out to be sold to the highest and best bidders, the spectators expressed freely their disgust at what they called the "shabbiness of the Parson" in selling his dead brother's favorite horses; but, when the animal on which the sporting Marquis was riding when death came was led forth for public competition, 'there were loud hisses and groans, and cries of "Oh! oh!" and "shame!" from the peasantry assembled in the yard. This reverend Marquis died a few years after coming in for the title and estates, and he was succeeded by his eldest son, a young fellow not of age at the time, who held a commission in the Life Guards. The wife of Captain Vivian, who held, and, I believe, stills holds a ministerial position, eloped with this young Marquis about a year and a half ago. Captain Vivian procured a divorce, and the Marquis married the lady, who is now the Marchioness of Waterford. Such is life — high life — in these countries.—*Correspondence Tablet.*

RUSSIA.— The Czar is expected shortly in Naples, where most of his family are now sojourning, and will proceed thence to Vienna. The Moscow and St. Petersburg journals are much occupied with discussion upon the Khivan question, which they have already settled in their own way and to their own satisfaction. Khiva is to be annexed to Russia, and England is at liberty to grumble thereat as much as she pleases. Russia has no immediate occasion, and no present wish to quarrel with England; but if John Bull will fling down his gauntlet, the Moscovite will not hesitate to accept the challenge. Russia will do exactly as she likes and what she thinks good for herself in Central Asia, without caring what may be said or thought in England of her proceedings. She is aware that the campaign will be expensive, and that the conquest and retention of Khiva will, for a time at least, be a heavy burden upon the Russian Exchequer; but that is her own affair. She knows what she is about, and is willing and able to hold her own against any antagonist. This is "tall talk," as the Yankees say, but it has a purpose, and it is not used in mere bravado. However, it may suit the inconceivable purpose of English journalists, especially those devoted to the late Lord Palmerston, to throw cold water upon the notion that there is an understanding between Russia, Prussia, and the United States, to the prejudice of England. A little time will show that such an understanding does exist, and is not of yesterday's formation. A straw tells how the wind blows. Such an index of the current of American and Russian feeling has just been exhibited. The Washington Cabinet having expressed to the Russian Minister its dissatisfaction at being obliged (so it was phrased) to depend upon English sources for news from the scene of impending war in Central Asia, the alleged cause of complaint has not only been removed, but orders have been issued by Prince Gortschakoff that no reporters shall accompany the expedition except those attached to the Russian and United States Press.—*London Register.*

FRANCE.—Since the defeat of the Commune of Paris, the International "Society of Laborers" has organized an active propaganda in the great manufacturing centres, as also in the departments of the South. Thirty-eight persons have lately been brought before the Correctional Tribunal of Toulouse, on the charge of being members of that society. The following are the principal facts: In 1868 a division took place in the International. One of the sections, which had its centre of action in London, accepted the direction of the General Council and remained faithful to the programme of Karl Marx. The other was spread over Switzerland and the South of France. Serrailler, an ex-member of the Commune, took on himself the office of Secretary to the dissident fraction, and contributed, as well as Karl Marx, to the organization throughout all parts of France of a vast propaganda of Internationalism and Revolution. The South had long been considered as thoroughly prepared to receive the seed of their doctrines. Serrailler selected ardent and energetic auxiliaries in all the great towns, as Bordeaux, Narbonne, Toulouse, etc. About the end of 1871 a number of working-men at Toulouse united to found a Socialist journal entitled *L'Œil du Peuple*. The originators of that undertaking were namad Pey and Pitioux. They were joined by another man named Dentraygues; who also devoted himself to spreading the sect in Hérault; he was joined by Calas and Salvan. Lastly, they gained over the working men in the employ of the *Chemin de fer du Midi*, and a guard undertook to be the trusty *colporteur* of the correspondence carried on between the sections of Cette and that of Bordeaux. Dissensions soon arose between the members of this confederation, who were all alike greedy of emolument. One set withdrew; while the others, like Dentraygues, made a disturbance, which put the police on the scent of the conspirators just when they had every thing in train to draw into the ranks of the international the principal societies of working men throughout the south of France. Thirty-eight of them were arrested; and, after trial, those of them found to be most deeply implicated were sentenced to several months' imprisonment.—*London Tablet.*

SWITZERLAND.—A correspondent of the Paris *Univers* gives the following sad description of affairs in parts of Switzerland: "On Sunday, March 29th, there were no masses said in the villages of Ajaie, Lanfou, Montiers, and Contelary; the government having prohibited the priests of those places from exercising any of their religious duties, and, moreover, having closed the churches. Some persons having offered the parish priest of Genirez a garret to say Mass in, and the proposition coming to the ears of the authorities, they were arrested, and the priest—a very aged man, (87)—was so much afflicted that he took to his bed and died. At Lajoux, the parish priest was at the altar when the soldiers entered and dragged him from the steps. All the priests who have

spoken in favor of Mgr. Mermillod and Mgr. Lachat are prohibited saying mass. Whole districts are thus deprived of spiritual consolation, and funerals have taken place without the presence of the clergy. The people are extremely indignant, but are powerless before the military, who have been sent, in great numbers, to see that the decrees of persecution are executed. Innumerable processions, without priests, however, are to be seen wending their way to the various shrines, there to entreat the cessation of all their troubles."

ENGLAND.—British Protestantism has found a new champion. Formerly he was a champion of the Prize Ring, being known among the "fancy" as Bendigo, though his real name is William Thompson. This worthy, on retiring from the pugilistic profession, entered another branch of "public" life, and became proprietor of a pot-house at Nottingham, where he drank more liquor than he sold, and was constantly being brought before the magistrates on charges of drunkenness and assault. However, he has now commenced a new phase of his existence. Six weeks ago, to the great joy of the magistrates of Nottingham, and the amazement of the Nottingham "lambs"—as the rowdies of that town are called—Bendigo became suddenly "converted," and now some 2,000 persons crowd the People's Mission Hall, Whitechapel, London, every night to hear the famous prize-fighter and ex-champion of England preach, or, in his own words, "fight for the Gospel." Perhaps this may pay better than fighting for the Belt.—*Review.*

GERMANY—Common sense and the love of common justice led the framers of our Constitution to provide that no *ex post facto* law should be passed. In Germany, all the prosecutions of the Roman Catholic clergy, instituted by the Government, have been abandoned, for the reason that, under the existing laws, it was ascertained that the accused had committed no offense whatever; but it is threatened that immediately after the passage of the Anti-church Bills, now pending before the Prussian Parliament, these prelates and priests will be again arraigned and punished for acts which were perfectly lawful when they were committed. The proceedings against the Archbishop of Posen, instituted because His Grace had declined to become a Prussian police agent for the suppression of the Polish language in his diocese, have, with this understanding, been abandoned for the present, with the threat that they are to be renewed as soon as the new laws have come into force. This is the freedom wherewith Bismarck makes free men.—*Ibid.*

NOTES FROM ROME.

RUFFIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.—Two hundred National Guardsmen, ex-Garibaldians, and other rabble assembled round the Church of the Gesu on Sunday morning last, with intent to interrupt Father Lombardini's sermon. An attempt to provoke a disturbance within the sacred building failed, so the Revolutionists reserved their demonstration until the congregation came out. In the Piazza itself, where the carabinieri were literally looking on, nothing more serious than yelling and throwing of offal was indulged in. But at the side-door that opens on the newly christened Via del Plebiscito, a score of ruffians made a murderous assault on the unprepared and defenceless crowd. An English gentleman, Mr. Authur Vansittart, in a courageous attempt to protect a youth, was brutally struck about the head and arms with a heavy club. Though now out of danger, he will have to remain for some weeks under medical treatment. In a communication printed in the *Osservatore*, Mr. Vansittart states that he has memorialized Sir Augustus Paget, with a view to obtaining redress, and to insuring protection for life and property in the probable eventuality of graver disturbances. Two young men, near relations of his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, unluckily recognized by the mob, were hustled and also severely bruised. The police at length condescended to rescue the victims, and a detachment of infantry having been marched into the Piazza, the rioters took themselves off. They were suffered to parade the Corso and insult the passers-by, reputed "Papalini," for a full hour afterward. The Piedmontese Government can not be acquitted of conniving at the disgraceful proceedings; for, after timely and reliable warning of what was to take place, and the unavoidable dispatch of a body of carabinieri, orders were issued to post the latter in such a way as gave evil-doers readily to understand that they would not be prematurely interfered with. Three individuals were arrested; but it is not to be supposed that they were the real ringleaders, or that any of the rioters will be punished. The three are free on their own recognizances, and the case will be dealt with to-morrow or on Monday by the Correctional Tribunal. A Papal gendarme, one of the ill-used congregation, was apprehended with the ruffian brawlers, and will have to answer the charge of having retaliated when struck by one of the mob. All the week there has been a rendezvous of bad characters outside the Gesu. The annoyance is very great—albeit at present limited to scowling faces and muttered threats. We are promised a *bonâ fide* riot for Sunday; but some console themselves with the thought that the Trasteverini—Papalini, every one of them—will come over and take the Catholic side; others more wisely put faith in the old saying that "barking dogs rarely bite."—*Correspondence Register, April 4th.*

PRINCE LICHTENSTEIN.—The Catholic international deputation is gone. It left a few days since, amid the "howls" of the Liberal press. It was amusing to hear them call names and suggest punishment which they knew they could never inflict. If the deputation had consisted of poor monks and nuns, and not of rich and powerful noblemen, then, indeed, they would have suffered for their audacity in consoling the imprisoned Pope by words of courage and truth. By this time they might have been in prison. The young prince has been the special object of hatred. He has been called by every name imaginable and unimaginable, and it is a wonder that he got out of Italy uninjured. But what is so exasperating about all this is, that the Catholics are reviled for praising the Pope, whereas Gavazzi is permitted to insult him so grossly that the *Journal de Rome* says, "If any one spoke of the King as Gavazzi does of the Pope they would be, by this time, severely punished, and yet both King and Pope are 'guaranteed' against insults." Rome is, indeed, a city divided against itself. On the one hand is a Catholic people, with a popular but imprisoned sovereign, and on the other, a foreign King, with a government which is not only anti-Catholic, but actually anti-Christian in its tendencies, and a hoard of foreign mercenaries, who render, by their disorders, this august capital of Christianity positively unfit to live in. Things can not go on long as they are doing at present. A stop must be put to all this licentiousness, either by a special interference of Providence or by man himself. We shall either be afflicted with some terrible visitation of sickness, or earthquake, or by a revolution.—*Brooklyn Review.*

THE POPE'S HEALTH.—I have, in conclusion, to put you on your guard against the renewed malicious reports of Pio Nono's failing health. The *Liberta* gave one out last night that His Holiness's medical advisers—the veracious penny-a-liner mentioned a surgeon deceased many years since—had nearly lost hope. From an unexceptional source, I learned this morning that the Holy Father's malady is a slight attack of lumbago, brought on by prolonging His favorite daily walk in the Vatican garden, one damp morning last week. The Holy Father takes one day's rest, and to-morrow resumes his usual audiences. The Grand Duke Vladimir will be received in state by the Pope and His Secretary of State, at eleven o'clock. On Monday Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse had an interview with His Holiness. The Holy Father was particularly affable. He charged the Princess with a kind message to her Royal mother, and was mentioning Prince Authur Patrick, his last visitor, when her Royal Highness, prompted by sisterly solicitude, suddenly interrupted—"And nothing, Holy Father, for my brother the Prince of Wales?" "To be sure," replied the Holy Father, laughing, "I was not going to forget the Prince of Wales; my remembrances to him too." The Prince and Princess of Hesse are still in Rome, and seem inclined to prolong their stay for a week or so more.

BISMARCKISM IN SWITZERLAND.

THE Radicals and Infidels of Prussia have no reason to complain of their "German brothers" in Switzerland. The characteristics of the "Culture-People" are as distinctly exhibited in Berne as in Berlin; perhaps even a little more so. The rage of imitation can work wonders, and the Great Bismarck himself runs some chance of being almost a "reactionist" in comparison with the Little Bismarcks of the Swiss Confederation. Certainly, no understrapper of Prussia at home has yet exceeded the estimable M. Froté, prefect, by the grace of the Bernese Government, in the Catholic Jura. This admirable representative of "modern progress" has recently addressed a report to the police authorities of Berne, upon the true nature of that fearful and criminal organization, the Congregation of the Ursuline Nuns. At the same time, M. Froté forwards the rules of the Sisters for the inspection of his correspondents. "I believe it useless to observe, [writes M. Froté] that these statutes are nothing but the order of the day of a vast regiment, so-called spiritual, organized by the Roman Church *to combat and brutalize* the peoples, and to enslave the whole of civil society, according to the programme, recently re-edited, of *the Colonel of this regiment*, who is stationed at Rome. For us, the Lieutenant-colonel is at Soleure, and the Captains are at Delémont, Porrentruy, and other places called Deaneries. The Superioress of the Ursulines at Porrentruy is *a mere corporal of the irregular troops wearing petticoats* and servilely obeying the word of command *with the favorite weapons of women*, which are principally *dissimulation and spying*." It would be at once unjust to M. le Préfet Froté, and to his great model, not to append the expression of the Bernese Liberal's admiring appreciation of the German Chancellor. "Bismarck is the first statesman in the world, and he has just found the true remedy for the evils which menace civil society. He is chasing from Germany into France *the vermin* which have already annihilated this latter nation, etc., etc., etc."

What think our readers of liberty and progress in Switzerland? Nay, what is to be thought of the refined elegance of thought and expression which are set forth in this precious epistle? And yet M. Froté is no more than a passably energetic official who sympathizes with the ruling sentiment of his Government, and who declares his sympathies in suitable terms. Indeed, he has been so good as to decree, by an edict of the 27th ult., that "until further orders," the priests of his administration may baptize, say mass, and perform the other sacred functions, preaching, however, being strictly forbidden. M. Froté can thus be considered a remarkable example of moderation, and, unless he sensibly quickens his zeal, may not improbably receive censure. What his Government means to do may be learned from what the kindred Government of Soleure has already done. The priests of Soleurs having, as in duty bound, declared their unfaltering adhesion to their venerable Bishop, Monsignor Lachat, and having thus refused to recognize the usurped authority of Dr. von Falck's wretched nominee, and after being "suspended from their functions" in the first instance, have just been summoned before the correctional tribunals, and sentenced to pay a series of fines varying from 100 francs to 25 francs. The priests, who not only signed a declaration of canonical obedience to Monsignor Lachat, but actually read their Bishop's Lenten pastoral, are fined 100 francs. Fifty francs is the punishment for simply signing the declaration in person, while twenty-five francs punishes the aged, or infirm, or absent priests who signed by proxy. As the seventy-one priests of Soleure have as yet been guilty of only their "first offense," the punishment is proportionately light. When they enter into the class of *récidivistes*, and when several "previous convictions" shall have been proved against them, it can be understood that there will be suitable chastisement for such intractable criminality.

We might fill our columns with accounts of the excesses which have already taken place throughout the cantons in which the Protestants and Infidels possess a majority. Priests have been ordered down from the altar's foot by gensdarmes. Priests have been dragged out of the very Confessional. Throughout the Canton of Geneva the Sacrament of Confirmation can only be obtained by crossing the frontiers of Switzerland; and the application of the law for the popular election of the priesthood will fill every church within the jurisdiction of the Cantonal authorities with a sham and apostate clergy, while the true priests will be under the ban of the law. In the Canton of Saint Gall the State has taken the preliminaay step of prohibiting the teaching of the doctrine of the Vatican Council in the churches and schools. It is unnecessary, however, to relate the long list of individual acts of persecution and oppression, from the illegal expulsion of Monsignor Mermillod to the incarceration of the Priest of Bienne in the common gaol, and other atrocities. It is sufficient to say, that in the preponderatingly anti-Catholic Cantons of Switzerland religious liberty has totatlly disappeared, and that even the Catholic Cantons are threatened with the armed intervention of the Federal troops in order to enforce the recognition of the apostasy of Loysons, Herzogs, and similar characters, which the Federal majority has resolved to endow and establish as "the Catholic Church of Switzerland."

So patent is the fact, that even in Geneva the Catholic population is devoted to the faith, that a correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* has expressly declared: "You ask me if a Liberal Catholic party exists at Geneva. I shall reply to you, with perfect candor, that this party does not exist." The Protestants and Infidels, however, feeling that they are the majority, and encouraged by the strength of Germany, and the weakness of France, as well as by the deplorable condition of the other Catholic countries which are now reaping the reward of inattention to the counsels of the Church, no longer attempt to disguise their congenital intolerance. They openly say that the war of the Sonderbund was but a half-measure, and that now the motto must be "Thorough!" At the same time, the emissaries of Prussia are busy fanning the flame. Germany looks with longing upon Switzerland, "an ancient and natural portion of the German empire," and there can be no doubt that when Switzerland is utterly torn asunder by civil hate and dissension, and when the Swiss Radicals will have completely identified themselves with their "German brothers," the time for German interference will have arrived. Prussia, mistress of the Alps, and

hiring out her support to a vassal Carignan at Rome, and a vassal Hapsburg at Pesth, might well consider that her future was secured.—*London Tablet.*

A WIFE'S STORY—BENT, NOT BROKEN.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day I went to tell my glorious tidings to Dr. G——. I found him hard and unsympathizing. He was surprised; perhaps he did not believe in the wonderful coincidence, so to call it. Any way, he insisted that I should reveal what I had done, let my husband know the thing he did not want to know, that I should force on him what he would feel bound to resent. I struggled long for more than dear life, told him he was crushing the smoking flax. "I have thought of that, too," he replied, "but," and he seemed to take an inspiration. I spoke of building a bridge of gold for a flying enemy, but would have it his way was the right way. He said: "I was sorry for you on Monday, I am not a bit sorry for you to-day."

So I saw. I was opposing him. By way of encouragement, he said: "Show you will not be outdone in generosity by God." He went on as if he had some special light, I quietly resisting what I saw would ruin all. At last he said: "If you do what I desire, I take on myself the consequences at the Day of Judgment. If you do not, I leave them to you." I felt then all was over; my books said I was to obey my lawful authority against every other guidance. I said: "You are a hard father." "I am not generally thought so." "We must speak as we find." I did not let him see he had prevailed. I left myself our last chance; I would tell to Mr. R——, and if he agreed with me, and I could go back fortified by his opinion, we might yet be saved.

My soul was oppressed with dread, but the dinner parties went over; my husband all brightness, like one whose soul was relieved of a burthen. He felt happy in the justice he had at length done. All his better nature came unalloyed by the misuse of power. What a week of life that would have been had my spirit been free as his. Yet I had a dear hope along with the terrible dread. On Saturday, the 24th, I told all to Mr. R. Alas, he, another hard man, jealous of what he considered man's rights, took precisely Dr. G——'s views. Again I strove to give the conviction of the needless ruin that must ensue. He told me I was not willing to bear any thing for the sake of my religion; *I*—I who had lived those ten years of despair and remorse; I who had lost my mother's affection, and had seen others who should have loved me, striving to make that fact advance their interests. He would have it so, declaring that I should only have a little passing anger to face, and then all would come right.

In vain I replied, "Never." I told him my husband would not be angry at what I had done, for of that he must be aware; his anger would be at its height on it being told to him, and so it would serve us. At this Mr. R—— flashed into anger; he said he knew Mr. Evans well, he had passed hours every day with him for a twelve-m nth, and he could not have him thus traduced. I was silenced. To his first allegation of selfish cowardice I could say no more, for I felt I must not scandalize the holy cause for which I had so long suffered, by even seeming to shrink from suffering. And how could I urge my knowledge of my husband, when he pleased to call it traducing his friend! Singular self-confidence to think he could know him better than his wife! All was over. I could struggle no longer thus, placed in so cruel a position, none would believe poor me, and so they must destroy me, but, far worse, him I loved with me. I had now put my destiny out of my own power. I could not recall the knowledge I had given.

Mr. R—— said he would come on Monday, and tell Mr. Evans all. How I seemed to hold each minute, as it passed, of the intervening time. On Monday, at eleven, came the destroyer. He first came to me. Once more I warned him, in strong terms, of what would be the result. Once more he laughed it to scorn, and said the fit of anger would be soon over, and then all would be right. Oh, I said strong things, but they were all useless. He went down stairs; in a brief space I heard Mr. Evans flying up. I stood calmly waiting what, in my despair, I hoped might end all, well knowing what his passion was. Mr. R—— flew after him, and seized him at the bottom of the long drawing-room. I saw the struggle between the two tall, strong men, and I stood waiting. At length Mr. R—— got my husband out of the room. Some time after the former came up with a roll of money in his hand. Mr. Evans desired I would quit the house. He would meet me in six weeks in England.

"That he never will." Mr. R—— contradicted me no longer, he hoped he would, and exhorted me to go. I might go whither I pleased. Of course, I might; to *go* I knew was every thing. He did not desire to hurry me; he was going to leave directly; the carriage was already ordered. He gave me till Friday to make all my preparations, and then I must go. "Whither?" "Any-where she pleases." After a little time I thought of D——, so as to be very far away. Mr. R went down and brought me back word that would do very well. Then I saw them get into the carriage without one look back, and so I was alone in the world. It had come at last, all I so much dreaded—I was a separated wife.

That day and the next, I was stunned: that was all I felt; then misery awoke. On Wednesday I went to Dr. G——. I said: "Let me die on my own hearth-stone." He exhorted me to go, to show obedience in all, save the one thing. I reminded him I was losing my legal hold by quitting the house. He replied: "Nor will I; but as he does not know that, it seems to give me some hold." He insisted I should go, and he was right there, though I felt surely the "bitterness of death was past." I had little time for thought. I had to make all arrangements to leave also, as my husband should see the account she never before looked at were all right, to sum up books, to burn all letters. I did all; how, I know not. I did not, in leaving, even take my maid; she was leaving within a few weeks, and it was her shallow observation of my great influence over my husband that first set going the cruel interference. On the first of May, SS. Philip and James, I took my little dog and went out into the world an outcast.

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Then came a daily letter from Mr. R——, then heartily grieved for the part he had taken, and on that letter I lived. My husband returned home on the Friday night. Before he would alight at his own door, he ascertained that I was gone. Mr. R—— could give me no comfort about my husband, but he wrote fully and kindly. I went daily to the post, and after the first day, silently put my head into the window; the man gave me the letters without a word. I saw the little groups in the street fall back to make way for me. I walked as in a dream, and they saw and respected a great woe.

After no very long time, Mr. R—— became a Catholic. *Deo Gratias!* He was much touched by my never reproaching him for what he had done. After ten days, Mr. Evans said to him: "It is not what she has done that I am angry with, it is her having let me know it." Convinced at last, Mr. R—— broke with him, and thus ceased my one comfort—hearing of my poor dear husband. I was never angry with him; could I be? If a physician will give a patient a medicine that you know will have a contrary effect to that intended, and your warning avails naught, it is not the patient you blame; no, not even if he were in a frenzy to kill you. My grief for him was so absorbing, I had little for myself. I saw nothing but his ruin. For myself, I said, as long as I have my daily bread without having to earn it, I shall think myself well off.

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By-and-bye friends found me out. Six homes were pressed on me by them, and purses innumerable. I had found a receipt for making all my friends rich; they all had money they did not know what to do with; it would be a favor to ease them of it. I could have but one reply, grateful I as felt. I must depend entirely on my husband, even to debt—that horror to me—if need were. *I* must do nothing to weaken such a hold as even my dependence gave.

When the six weeks ended, I wrote humbly and affectionately, as I did all along, to ask if he were coming, or if I were to return. I got a letter; it was a blank sheet, but it contained a surgeon's certificate, that he was not to be agitated on peril of his life. He had had congestion of the brain, and the knowledge of this was added to my misery. Yet, amid all, I felt thankful that I suffered in such a cause; that in itself was a support. At the ascension I seemed to receive a new life, and to feel the full sustaining power of my faith; I had little leisure for self-pity, because I was so absorbed in anxiety and grief for my husband. He had been cruelly mismanaged, and just at the time his generosity of soul had prevailed, and all occasion ceased.

For him I suffered unceasingly, unconsciously making friends, because I would neither blame nor have him blamed. My friends gave me what meagre tidings they could; those who passed near D—— came out of their way to see me.

* * * * * *

So went on the dreary time. My father had been four years dead. My mother, when my sad story could no longer be kept from her, sent me her blessing. She had been wonderfully prevented from disinheriting me, and still she refuses to open her doors to me; but that she should bless me at last was enough for me, and she said truly enough that Mr. Evans had no right to turn on me for my religion, since she could bear testimony how perfectly he was aware of it before our marriage. So many consolations were given to me. My anguish was for him alone, and that was ceaseless. I wrote to say my money was exhausted. I was living very cheaply, but it came to an end. Again, in a blank letter, came a small remittance from one who had ever been so generously lavish to me. I saw he meant to make me feel poverty. At length, my dear Mrs. D——, whom I always called my Scotch mother, so truly maternal had she been to me from soon after my marriage, (I had known her before in Norfork, and she was now living in Wales) wrote to command me to go to her and find my home. She said: "If your husband casts you off, where should you find a refuge but with your Scotch mother?" Noble woman! How deeply do I feel the blessing of such a friend! Still, I pleaded the necessity of having no earthly dependence, save my husband. Then her daughter, who had been more to me than I ever found in a sister, demanded the right of coming to me, and not leaving me to suffer alone. She was so peremptory in her affection that I felt I could not prevent her coming; yet I feared to compromise any of my friends with Mr. Evans. I could not bear one so dear should offend him for my sake.

Driven to a decision, I wrote him, poured out my feelings of wretchedness apart from him, and begged his permission for my dear Mary to come to me. The kindness amid unkindness of his conduct, and the peculiar way in which it was shown, will exhibit the originality of his character better than any description, which, indeed, is simply impossible. In due course came the blank-sheet, inclosing a note to Miss D——, begging her, on the receipt of it, "to proceed to her friend at D——." This made all right. She came, and was as great a solace as a friend could be, and warming my heart with gratitude for her tenderness.

This was toward the end of August. The summer was one of great heat and beauty, and in my helplessness I had been directed to the best place to which I could have gone. I had no perceptible sense of outward things; but there must have been good in these combinations. Miss D—— had been with me nearly a fortnight, when one day came the great foolscap sheet, addressed to her. It was before the days of envelopes and penny postage. Mr. Evans wrote to her that, being now in better health, and able to attend to matters of business, he begged she would ascertain of her friend, when, where, and by whom she had been received into the Church of Rome. Mary asked me what she should do. I said: "Nothing. There has been too much interference between us already. Write kindly, but refuse to act, in any way, in so delicate an affair; and add, it is of the less consequence, as I myself will write and answer his questions." This, of course, I did, adding the request to return home. No notice. I wrote again that question—vainly, of course; and then, his letter to Miss D—— having removed the force of the surgeon's certificate, I made my bold resolve.

On the 18th of September, Mary D—— started for Wales, and I for home. It was about 8 o'clock when I arrived. I drove first to a hotel, where I took a room, and left my luggage. I paid the cab, so as to have no delay at my own door, and when the man answered the bell, I glided into the house with my pretty tiny Mopsey under my arm. He trembled and turned white when he saw me. I said, in a low voice, "Where's your master?" "In the study." I hastily got there; the room was empty. I looked into the dining-room. Just then I heard his voice over the staircase, crying, "Who is there?" I flew up stairs, "'Tis I, dear one, come to see how you are." He seized me, dragged me into the little room off the drawing-room, where daylight had faded. And here let me draw the veil.

CHAPTER VI.—BROKEN, NOT BENT.

After two hours he went down for refreshment, and I followed. He had supper, and he permitted me to have some tea. Then it was settled that I might remain in the house. He was ordering the front room to be prepared for him, but I begged to go there, that he should not be disturbed. He agreed. Refreshed by supper, again his anger burst forth—but it is enough to say that I remained. Ay mi! what a wreck I found him. The next day his arms seemed paralyzed; he could then only lift one hand by the aid of the other. He was pale to blueness, and his clothes hung about him. *I* had suffered, but what had *he* done! Where had been *his* support? He was quiet, but always in anger with me. To reason with him was simply impossible; to be patient and gentle was all that could be done. On Sunday I went openly to church, but if I attempted it on any other day not of obligation, it made him mad, though he would not allow me to take in his breakfast before he rose. Of course, I abstained, and confined myself to the days of obligation; *they* could never more be yielded, nor did he seem to expect it. And here let me pay my tribute to E——. From all ranks and classes, from people of all religions, from those I did not know and from those I did, my reception was enthusiastic. All were in my favor, and partly indignant with, partly sorry for him, *because* of the cruel way in which he had been treated. I was beyond measure surprised to find myself thus hailed. I had expected the world would go against me, but my long years of suffering had been well

known, and the injustice of my banishment was keenly felt. Even their own Protestant sense of religious liberty told in my favor, and they liked the courage of my return to my post. The very beggars lay in wait to wave me a salutation from the distance, then running off, to show it was for love, not for money. I had no enemies, but there was one clergyman and his wife who had not been friendly to me. When I had been a few weeks at D—— I heard of this clergyman dining with Mr. Evans. Directly after Mr. R—— wrote to tell me this gentleman had called on him to ask if he were corresponding with me, and to beg him to tell me he feared I might be uneasy if I heard of his dining with my husband, as there had been a coolness between them and me. He said: "Tell her I am altogether for her; and the only reason why I do not speak up for her to Mr. Evans is because I see it would do no good, for I am quite ready to do so."

The winter passed terribly—no peace; but let Mr. Evans do or say what he would, he could distress me, but he could never make me angry; I was too deeply grieved for the sin that had been wrought. Still it was a dreadful life! When May came, he could bear it no longer; he rushed off to England, and I remained alone in the house. This was a great anguish to me. I felt that if one of us was to be driven forth, *I* had better be the one. It was a wretched year. He never wrote, and except by chance kindess, I never heard of him or knew where he was. I did not know if I would ever return! He sent money to keep the establishment full up. My friends were all kindness, but I lived, of course, in perfect seclusion.

At the end of the year Mr. Evans suddenly returned. Some business compelled his presence, and he came—came much as he left, excited with ceaseless anger, and so he spent nearly a year at home. Then he flew off again, and so another year passed. But now and then he would write me a few lines on business, or to send me the money with which he liberally supplied me. He insisted on my having horses and using the carriage regularly, which I had never thought of doing the first year of my loneliness.

There was a change in his acts, though not in his manner. As a year of absence was expiring I heard he was returning homeward, and at two o'clock one wintry morning, when all were alseep, he suddenly came. When I heard the noise at the door I at once understood that he was come, and was down stairs almost as soon as he was in the house. He was milder in all ways. Soon came a severe fit of rheumatic gout, and he was glad of my unwearying attendance. This illness did him good in all ways; it cleared off all that had so long been hanging about him. We had much more peace, though no domestic happiness; it was always evident that I was under punishment, but not *forte et dure*, as it had been. He would not be seen in the street or in the carriage with me, but if we met he would bow, or if in a shop he would speak courteously. He never sat at a meal with me, but he came up every evening to the drawing-room, and often would be social, which was in him to be agreeable to a rare degree. He was glad when any friend dined with me, and would make himself pleasant to her, or if any one dined with him he would bring him up stairs after, and we had a social evening. All were glad to do what they could to promote this, and I strove, in every way, to please and amuse him. Theology was almost the only subject he cared for—a most dangerous one, yet so wide a field that we could often talk for a long while safely. I entered, as far as I could, into all which interested him in his own Church, and he never lost sight of my position; yet often did I put the sad question to myself—"Ought I to have returned thus to disturb his house?"

It was seven years before God answered that question. Then He gave me a convincing proof that I had done right; that, in spite of all, I was of real use and service, and that my influence for good still in some valuable degree subsisted. Though rarely kind in manner, Mr. Evans did many kind and generous things, surrounded me with luxuries, and I had perfect freedom except as regarded the daily mass. On Sunday he would make a point of going out before I did, and as he gave me ample time, I easily adapted myself to all these rules. In the afternoons there was no restraint on my liberty, and every day, for many years, I paid a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and found support to my trial. How kind all the priests were to me! how they encouraged my patience and submission! If I met the Bishop by chance, it was painful enough, and I did not seek to disguise that so I felt it. His neglect of me seemed less excusable than his sad error of judgment.

Five years after my return, Mr. Evans proposed that I should pay a visit to his family, all then assembled at his nephew's place in Shropshire. I feared to leave home. He knew it. He said: "I am hot laying any trap for you; I will leave also, and go to C——." I went as he desired, though not without much painful apprehension. I went, however; I could not do otherwise. I remained away between a fortnight and three weeks, returning with dread. But he met me on the doorstep kindly; all my details interested him. My journey answered—it threw novelty into our life. The following year, my niece being very ill, formed a reason for my going again to England. Again he seemed pleased at my return, and greedy to hear all my pleasant details.

And so every year he formed some pleasant project for me, and my absence was extended to precisely three weeks. The first ten days I flew off, enjoying the change, going hither and thither among my friends. He supplied me amply with money, and always insisted I should have my maid with me. My dear friends were all so kindly glad to see me. My long stay was five days, my short one three; but I put so much enjoyment into the time that my three weeks looked like three months. How they refreshed me! I always took care they should include the Assumption; so that there was but one day in the year left which he did not also keep, and this was Corpus Christi, but he always went out in time to leave me free. The latter ten days I felt eager to get home, and anxious about him. So I returned as gladly as I went; no temptation could induce me to prolong my time, and always, with one exception, I had a delightful welcome back, and found the good of the change all ways.

One year he planned that I should take Mary D—— to France, when we had ten charming days. Each little journey had its own bright marks. One blessed fact in my life, has been the affection and truth of many most dear and kind friends; they were all eager to have me, and made my holiday delightful. One year I went to the Moselle with my dear Lady E——, and had eight days there of perfect happiness with her and her sister. Of course there was peculiar delight in being on Catholic land. What with these journeys, and the daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament at home, I found much happiness in my life, though ever sensible of the sad change at home, but there was the great recompense, and there was the happiness of doing all I could to please him.

After having, in the spring of 1853, found the good of my return, and that, in a very modified form, I had regained influence for good, it made a great difference to me. He could never make me angry, and very seldom even hurt me, for I had no leisure for sensitive self-love, so I really became quite happy. Every thing I did had reference to him, and my life had a full object. I studied to make all things go easily in the household. I read, walked, drove, all with the desire to get evening conversation. The difficulty was to start that, and sometimes I had to try a long array of subjects, before one would *go*, but once off, he took the lead, and I had need of all my wits to keep up to the mark. When this was the case, I desired no other society; his conversation was delightful, and the evening dearer to me than all the world could have made it. Often I had help in kind friends of his or mine; they saw my object, and gave me every assistance. How kind they all were! forgiving my religious offenses, for the sake of what I had gone through, and for what I was doing. How grateful I feel to some of these person for their judicious kindness and true friendly feeling for us both.

All loved and pitied him, and understood rightly what looked hard in his conduct to me. He had a great charm, and many fine qualities, added to talents of a high order, and they enjoyed their evenings with us, and helped me greatly, and, I may gratefully add, were glad to do so. As to my prayers, he was the beginning, the middle, and the end of them. I saw how he ever walked round and round Rome; he was, as it were, tethered to her, and he had the strangest mixture of hatred and love to her. He was a great rubrician, and he reveled in Gavanti and such books of ours, of which, in our happy days, he had suffered me to give him many, as well as supplying many for himself. Ay, mi! he knew everything, and loved much, and I prayed on, hoping against hope, never thinking of surviving him, and never asking to see this grand consummation of all my dearest hopes. In course of time, our life seemed more the result of a certain eccentricity of a powerful character, not the least amenable to public opinion, and which, united as it were to finer properties and generous acts, made him a general favorite. He dined on a tray among his books, at his own time, but he would send his friends up to dine in better form with me, and join us after. I always had to be ready for his appearance in the drawing-room by eight o'clock; all the rest of my time, after twelve, I could dispose of as I pleased, except in going to daily mass, and I endeavored, in it, to find materials to help our evenings. It was up-hill work, until he would light up and take his part, but it was work, and it added zest to my life. While to outer eyes my life seemed dull, and pretty severely tried, to me it was full of interest, and I cherished even then our dear hope of his conversion, he was so near—yet, alas, so far!

At last arose disturbances in his own Church, the Scottish Episcopal. He had originally come from Scotland to be free from the *congé d'élcre*, and all State power, and had a romantic feeling for his Church, believing it free from all the English evils, of which he was acutely sensible. The bishops took to persecuting and prosecuting their brother, Bishop F——, for *Popery*. His inconsistencies were of a different kind from theirs, and that was not to be borne. Mr. Evans did not agree with Bishop F——. What two men among them ever *do* agree? But he could not bear to see him so unfairly treated. It brought back all his excitement and illness. He would never in conversation, except in great anger, acknowledge my religion; would apply to me before his friends, to say if the doctrine Bishop F—— promulgated on the Eucharist was Roman doctrine, and he liked to hear me eagerly repudiate the idea, and say it was Lutheranism. Then in November came on the trial, and Mr. Evans fled to England to be out of the way. He was very ill there, and alarmed all his friends. The proceedings in Scotland were deferred, so he returned to find all things hanging on.

When it came on again in March, it put him in a dreadful state. The bishops stultified themselves, of course, and Bishop F—— printed the words, "a wise latitude," in connection with the doctrine of the Eucharist, which, if not dogma, is naught. My poor husband could not be satisfied with these things. The Church in which he had placed all his love, and all his hopes, crumbled to pieces; he felt its worthlessness, and it broke his heart. Coming after all he had suffered for years, he could not bear up under it. He never attended one of his churches more, and his health broke up. On the 10th of June he took to his room, his bed. His limbs became powerless, and, no doubt, disease began in his brain. His memory, his knowledge, subsisted to the last, but he was weary, his mind seemed to lie fallow, he did not care to exert it.

Then the scales seemed to fall from his mind. His love for me, quite returned, he was satisfied with all I had done, and so far I had a rich reward. He could as little bear me out of his sight as I could bear to leave him. All the while he refused to see any of his own clergy, and when he did at last see his own kind friend, Dr. A——, it was merely to speak on indifferent matters, though, on one of these days, he did suffer him to read a few prayers by him. Of their communion, he would not hear. I once before saw a clergyman of that communion die in Edinburgh, and he also refused the communion. Both these clergymen had always made a point of it, with those who were dying. The widow of the former always thought it was owing to what her husband had heard from me in our controversies that he rejected every proposal of the kind. God knows. He sought no better way.

My husband had at the foot of his bed, a crucifix, blessed at Treves, at the time of the exposition of the holy Tunic. He would kiss it most devoutly, when I held it to him, and he suffered me to say *our* prayers by him daily, once objecting to those addressed to our Blessed Lady, which I ever after omitted saying *aloud*. The Litany of the Holy Name, of which he had always been fond, and I believe had often used, seemed always comforting to him. Once he said, sadly, "I want to belong to a true Communion." To try him, I said, "You belong to the Scotch Episcopal Church." "Ah, but that business of Bishop F——." Once I got Dr. M—— to him, but it came to nothing. He began controversies and got excited, and afterward did not remember having seen him.

Every Sunday morning, at eight, I left him for one hour to fly to mass and pray for him. He slept till my return, and though he knew I had been, he never wanted me during the time. And so he faded away before my eyes, a time wandering, and ever accurate in every information I asked of him, though he could not be troubled with actual conversation. I had no idea the end was so near. On Sunday, the 16th of September, 1860, the Feast of our Lady of Dolours, I went to church at eight o'clock, as usual. I had just got to the top of the stairs on my return, when he awoke and called for me. There was great exhaustion; he slumbered much during the day, always waking more weak; at four o'clock came on a change, and at twenty mintues past, all was over—two gentle sighs, and the spirit passed away. His last words were of love to me. Alas, alas, why were we ever severed? I prayed by him to the last, and then began my own terrible anguish. I had so hoped my prayers would be heard, I had never imagined surviving him, and he was gone, gone forever. It was as if for the first time my own faith failed under this, its greatest trial. My soul seemed dead within me, love extinct, nothing left but dull, dark misery. I strove my best, but the destruction of the hope that had carried me over such trying years bravely seemed to destroy all within me. I strove hard, by the constant aid of the sacrament, but no help, no comfort would come. I had to leave the home of thirty years, so dear to me, to be surrounded by strangers, as I could no longer afford the expensive and good servants of our Standwick Place

residence—to sell his books, which seemed a part of *him*, and on which I seemed to see his hands. All was utter misery. Immediately God sent me friends, when I was dead to Him. The priests were kind, judicious, indulgent; they worked for me, as I did not see at the time, but now know with what wisdom and thoughtfulness. Oh, let me hasten to the close. Everybody was *so* good, but no human power could comfort one so vitally stricken. By very slow degrees I revived, but five years passed ere my heart awoke to life and love, and I could once more feel and acknowledge God's mercies.

Still, ungrateful as I was, God was helping me. He sent me a young lady to convert; that roused me, and in spite of my deadness. I colud not but rise to that work. And and so, in one way and another, I was carried on, till the reaction came. A summer in Paris, with all her religious life, her glorious churches, and the excellent French friends with whom I was staying, brought back the tide of life and love. Since then I am no longer the same being; the one sorrow is ever in my heart, but with it a deep sense of God's mercy and long suffering, a full comprehension of all that he has done for me. And now, in my infirm state, I feel the many blessings still lavishly bestowed on me. I see such glory in the Church, such goodness in those who minister at her altars. I was so truly refreshed with my dear nuns at L——, that once more, even with its heavy grief, my heart rises up in gladness, and I say, in all things, "Blessed be the Lord, who has done such great things for me." May He give me fidelity to the end, and pardon all my weakness.

CHURCH IN THE UNITD STATES.

The beautiful church at Henderson, Minnesota, of which the Rev. Theodore Vevan is pastor, has lately been completed.

The Catholics of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, have presented their pastor, Rev. James A. Cosgrave, with a beautiful phæton.

Five thousand communions and twenty conversions were made at the last Jesuit Mission in S. Jerome's Church, New York.

At the Mission of the Jesuit Fathers in SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston, which lasted three weeks, there were 10,000 communions.

The conference of the society of S. Vincent de Paul, attached to the church of S. Rose, of Sima, raised, last year, $1,962.59, and spent $1,212.13 for the poor.

The Catholic Union of Kansas met at the city of Wyandott, on the 6th of March, and organized a State Union, to be known as the Catholic Benevolent Union of the State of Kansas.

S. Peter and S. Paul Society, of Elmira, has been admitted to membership in the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States. The organization is in a prosperous condition, and will be quite an acquisition to the Union.

Father Sheehan, who is traveling through the United States, and delivering lectures in the interest of building a Catholic Church in the county Limerick, has recently been entertained at a banquet at St. Louis, by the most prominent Irish citizens of that city.

During the mission which ended on Tuesday, in Holy Week, in S. James Parish, New York, 6,878 females received Holy Communion, 4,000 persons approached the Sacraments, about thirty adults were prepared for their first communion, and seven were converted to the true faith.

Rev. Father O'Flaherty, of the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, N. Y., has been made the recipient of a splendid gold watch, presented by the faculty and students of Manhattan (Christian Brothers') College. The presentation was made in the name of all by Brother Paulin, the reverend director.

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has warned his congregation that no Catholic may connect himself with any trade-union or kindred society that makes use of an oath in its initiation. The objection does not appear to be to the purposes of the unions, but to the secret oath-bound features of these organizations.

The Rev. Archbishop McCloskey has selected Rev. Jeremiah Griffin, pastor of the Church of Assumption, Peekskill, Westchester County, New York, to succeed the late Father Breen in the pastorate of the Church of Annunciation, Manhattanville, New York. Father Grffiin is a graduate of S. Mary's Seminary, Emmittsburg, Maryland. Rev. P. Flannelly succeeds him at Peekskill.—*Reflector.*

In the diocese of Savannah, Georgia, of which the Very Rev. W. H. Gross has just been appointed the fifth Bishop, there are forty-two churches, chapels, and stations, twelve clergymen, five ecclesiastical students, four female religious institutions, four female academies, six male free (parochial) schools, three charitable and one male religious institution, three orphan ayslums, containing one hundred children, and a Catholic population of about 20,000.

Rev. Thomas J. Halpin, late pastor of Brattleboro, Vermont, diocese of Burlington, died, March 15th, at Nice, France. His disease was consumption. He went to Europe in the hope of being restored to health. Father Halpin was born near Castlepollard, Ireland, was educated in his native land, at All-Hallows College, and in his twenty-third year was ordained priest by Bishop De Goesbriand, at Burlington, Vermont, September, 1865. In every scene of his labors he had endeared himself to all sections of the community, by his priestly virtues and accomplishments.

The new church of "S. Leonard, of Maurice," Rev. J. J. Raber, pastor, on the corner of Jefferson Street and Hamburg Avenue, Brooklyn, was dedicated on the 14th instant, (Easter Monday) by the Right Reverend John Loughlin, Bishop of the diocese. The ceremonies on the occasion were most imposing, as nearly all the church societies of Brooklyn, beside those from Farmingdale, and other villages on Long Island, participated. Eight bands of music were engaged, and every preparation made to accommodate the immense crowd that was present.

Very Rev. William Dunne, Vicar-general of Hobart Town, Tasmania, is at present the guest of our Rt. Rev. Bishop, whose near relative he is. The Very Rev. Father has been thirty-two years a missionary in Tasmania. While the patriots of '48, Smith O'Brien, Meagher and Mitchell, were exiles in this distant land, Father Dunne was their tried friend, and proved to them a most valuable aid in their difficulties. He has lately been on a visit to his native place, Ballycallan, County Kilkenny, Ireland. He also visited Rome and the Holy Land, and is now on his return, by the overland railroad, to his home across the Pacific.—*North-western Chronicle, St. Paul, Min.*

On Tuesday, April 8th, was laid the corner-stone of S. Ann's Church, on York Road, Boltimore. St. Ann's is named after the patron saint of the lamented Mrs. Kennedy, recently deceased, and is the offering of her husband, Captain William Kennedy, to the holy cause of religion, The most Reverend Archbishop officiated, and laid and blessed the corner-stone, a white block, bearing the inscription 1873. The size of the church will be sixty-four feet front and 100 deep. It will seat fully 600 persons. The ground was also given by Captain Kennedy, and is one acre in extent. The church is to be of granite, with marble trimmings, and the cost will be $40,000. Rev. E. Bartlett, at present stationed at the Baltimore Cathedral, is to be the pastor of this beautiful church, and will have a handsome new residence facing the York Road.

FOREIGN CHURCH ITEMS.

In the Bombay Vicariate the Wednesdays of Lent were appointed as days of supplication to pray for the Church Militant, suffering from cruel and impious persecution.

Recently, the Hon. Mrs. Stapleton Bretherton, of Rainhill, Lancashire, a generous benefactress to reilgion in England, was received in private audience by His Holiness.

The Right Rev. Provost Croskell, of Manchester, has received from Rome, through the hands of the Bishop of Salford, his appointment as Domestic Prelate to His Holiness the Pope.

Three American ladies took the white veil at the Convent of the Presentation, in Rome, lately: Miss Clara Devine, a native of Savannah, Georgia, and Miss Alice Furlong and Miss Mary Fenelon, both of New Orleans.

The Church of Notre Dame at Nice is now completed. This lovely monument, built through the zealous exertions of the Vicar-Apostolic, Rev. P. Lavigne, is described as one of the most beautiful of modern churches.

Rev. Christopher Coppela, ex-Jesuit of Naples, Professor of Philosophy and Latin Literature in the Neapolitan University, who gave great scandal in 1864 by promulgating non-Catholic notions, and who finally became an open heretic, died lately in Naples. Just before his death he became thoroughly penitent, and was reconciled to the Church.

The Archbishop of Algiers, Mgr. Lavigerie, has convoked a general council of his province for the first Sunday in May. The council will take place in the church of Notre Dame d'Afrique, near Algiers, and at it will be present the Bishops of Oran, Sebaste, Constantina, and Hipponia, as also the Rev. Father Abbot of Latrappe, of Stasueli.

A further addition to the professional staff of S. Peter's College, Agra, will shortly be made, by the appointment of a Professor of Mathematics and of another tutor from the Roorkee College. The Rector is doing all he can to improve the condition of the College, and raise it to the position it once occupied as one of the best educational institutions in the province.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bourdon, the new Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Burmah, lately consecrated at Rangoon, was escorted to Mandalay by Bishop Bigandet, there to be installed in his new Vicariate. Bishop Bigandet, who enjoys the confidence of both the Burmese and British officials, introduced the newly consecrated Bishop to the King; after which he returned to Rangoon.—*Indo-European Correspondence, March* 8.

His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec arrived in that city on Thursday, the 10th inst., accompanied by the Rev. Rector of the Laval University. The Archbishop is the bearer of the Bulls from Rome raising the Rev. Mr. Fabre to the episcopal dignity as coadjutor to the Bishop of Montreal. A large body of the citizens, clergy and laity, of Quebec went out to Levis to meet and greet their Archbishop, and to congratulate him on his safe return.

The Right Reverend Doctor William H. Gross, Bishop of Savannah, was to have been consecrated in the Cathedral of Baltimore, on Sunday, April 27th, being the second Sunday after Easter. His intention is that his installation, or taking possession of his new See, will take place at Savannah on the Sunday following, (May 4th) which is the festival of the patronage of St. Joseph. The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Corrigan, as Bishop of Newark, was to have taken place on Sunday, May 4th, at the Cathedral of Newark.

M. Amedee Thierry, the celebrated French historian, is dead. He died on March 26, and received, with singular devotion, all the last Sacraments of the Church. When he was informed that there was no hope, he responded: *Fiat voluntas tua*: "Thy will be done." His last words were: *Libera nos a malo. Amen.*" The cure of St. Sulpice assisted him. Notwithstanding that in many of his works he has spoken slightly of holy things and persons, "his death was," says Louis Venillot, "a very beautiful one, and the great historian's face, in its last moments, was full of calm love and hope—that of a true Christian."

TELEGRAMS OF THE WEEK.

Russian troops are marching against Khiva.

The straits of Mackinaw are now fully opened.

Senator Sumner refuses to accept his back pay allowance.

A large number of bodies are being taken out of the Atlantic

Several large stores were burned in Chicago on the first inst.

Gen. Sheridan has returned to Chicago from his Texas tour.

The circulation of the National Gold Bank is now $7,660,000.

Fifty million dollars of bonds have been sent out to the Syndicate.

A line of steamers is to be established between Vera Cruz and New Orleans.

Gangs of workmen on the Texas and Pacific Railroad have reached El Paso.

The Vienna Exposition was inaugurated on the 1st with imposing ceremonies.

A detachment of 150 soldiers left New York on Monday for the Modoc country.

The third Annual Exposition was opened on Thursday week, at Nashville, Tenn.

The city of Toledo has voted $200,000 in aid of the railroad thence to Kinton.

The dispute between the clergy and the Freemasons at Lisbon is becoming serious.

On Saturday Gen. Sickles paid a formal visit to the palace of the Spanish ministry.

A fire at Lake Croshing, Massachusetts, yesterday, destroyed property worth $55,000.

The Mexican Congress is discussing amendments to the Constitution making further reforms.

Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt at Mendoza, Argentine Republic, on the 25th of March.

The New York Associated Press has adopted resolutions of regret at the death of James Brooks.

The New York coopers' strike is ended. The men have gained their point and resumed work.

The mill-owners of Woonsocket, R. I., have shut their gates, in consequence of the ten-hour strike.

The funeral of Hon. James Brooks took place from Grace Church, New York, on Sunday afternoon.

The sailor boarding-house keepers and Shipping Commissioners troubles in New York are about over.

The first structure finished and occupied in the burnt district of Boston, was dedicated to-day, May 3d.

Bleakley, on trial for the murder of his niece in New York, made another attempt at suicide May 2d.

A fire in Brodwinch, Devonshire, burned seventeen houses, making a large number of people homeless.

George Seddons and Arthur Chamber, of New York, will fight on the 21st. The deposits are all up.

One hundred and twenty-five Metropolitan police have gone from New Orleans to install Kellogg's officers.

Judge Doniphan, Circuit Judge of Baken County, Kentucky, died at Augusta, on Friday, 2d inst, of apoplexy.

A large mail from St. Louis for Texas was burned on Thursday, April 29th, near McAllister, Indian Territory.

Louisville, Ky., was visited on Thursday night by a heavy storm of wind and hail. No serious damage was done.

Secretary Belknap and General Sheridan and party left New Orleans for Washington, Saturday evening, via Louisville.

Commodor A. M. Smith, who was in charge of the frigate *Congress* when she was sunk by the ram *Merrimac*, is dead.

A mother with her infant in her arms leaped into a cistern at Kingston, New York, and both were drowned. Cause, insanity.

The counsel of Nixon, convicted of murder in New York, made application Saturday for a new trial. Decision reserved.

Last Saturday, the furniture of Steinway & Co's piano factory, of New York, was damaged to the amount of $25,000 by fire.

It is reported that Gen. Porticlo has refused to resume command of the Spanish forces opening in the Cienfuegos district.

Admiral Rigault de Genvailly, Senator and Minister of Marine and the Colonies during the reign of Napoleon III, is dead.

Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph stock has advanced to fifty-five cents. The annual election of officers took place on Monday.

N. W. Rutter, a stockholder, has been made a party to the suit of Mrs. Fisk *vs.* the Union Pacific Railroad and Credit Mobilier.

King Victor Emmanuel has revoked his acceptance of his late Minister's resignation, and requests that it be made more conservative.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has formally passed the bill for the regulation and control of the clergy by a large majority.

The Kentucky Democrats have nominated James W. Tate, present State Treasurer, for reelection. This is the only office to be filled.

Albert M. Smith was on Monday sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Charles H. Sackett at Westfield, Mass., last November.

The Czar and the Kaiser reviewed 50,000 troops at St. Petersburg, on Friday, 2d inst., and in the evening the city was illuminated.

The Carlist prisoners on one of the Canary Islands mutinied some days ago. The guard fired on them, and many were killed and wounded.

A bill of exceptions is filed in the case of Nixon, sentenced to be hanged May 16th. On Saturday a motion for a stay of proceedings was made.

In several cities in New England partial strikes for the ten-hour system were made on Thursday, 29th inst., but no acts of violence were committed.

Among the killed by the dreadful bridge disaster at Dixon, Ill., on Sunday last, were Mrs. Gilman, mother of Lieut. B. H. Gilman, U. S. A., now stationed in Utah, and Bessie Rayne, a young daughter of M. L. Rayne, editress of the Chicago *Magazine.*

At the burning of a house in Newport, N. H., on Sunday evening, E. E. Richardson and George Williams were killed by a falling chimney.

The District Attorney of Arkansas notifies the builders of the Cairo and Fulton bridge across the Arkansas River to await Congress legalizing the work.

Felix Ducross, a well-known stock, money and exchange broker of New Orleans, is reported to have absconded with $100,000 belonging to his patrons.

The Portuguese Government has ordered all the Carlist refugees from Spain to leave its territory, giving them the choice of going to any country except France.

The New York coopers are on an extensive strike against the introduction of eastern-made barrels, which can be furnished cheaper than they can be made there.

The influence of the Indian Ring was sufficiently strong to cause the rejection of O. S. Dawson's bid to supply beef to the Indian Agencies, although it was $462,375 less than contract price.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has approved the survey of the Bellona Rancho, comprising about three leagues, in Los Angeles County. Agustin Machado and others are the confirmees.

As the four hundred boys in the Westborough Reform School, at Worcester, Mass., were marching from breakfast Monday morning, they made a break for the gates, and one hundred succeeded in making their escape.

Acosta, Spanish Minister of War, resigned, and he will be succeded by Gernal Nouvillas as soon as the latter can be recalled from the command of the army of the North. Pierrard will act as Minister of War *ad interim*.

James Cullen, who murdered Deputy Sheriff Hayden and Thomas Hubbard in a lumber camp near Presque Isle, Me., on Tuesday 27th inst., was captured next morning in a cellar in his house in Mapleton, and soon after hanged by a party from Presque Isle.

The members of the United States Darien Exploring Expedition have returned. They report the ship canal *via* Kappic and De Guado rivers will be twenty-eight miles long, with a tunnel of three miles. It is estimated the entire work will cost $70,000,000.

Governor Grover, of Oregon, has written to General Sherman expressing the utmost confidence in Colonel Wheaton's conduct in the Modoc campaign, and that his plan of attack of January 17th, which resulted disastrously, was approved by all the most experienced frontiersmen present.

Mr. Samuels, the Post-master General of New South Wales, has been sent to Washington to arrange with the United States Government for the transportation of the Pacific mails, by the steamship line that will run between San Francisco and Sydney, probably touching at Melbourne and other Australian ports.

Under the Act of Congress retiring naval officers at the age of sixty, Rear Admirals George I. Emmons, Charles Stedman, William Rodgers, Taylor Thornton, and A. Jenkins will be retired this year. Commodores John J. Almy, James H. Strong, E. G. Parrott, and William Reynolds will be promoted to fill vacancies.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office has decided the case of St. Clair *vs.* The Western Pacific Railroad, by awarding the land to the Railroad Company. The tract in controversy is situated in Alameda County. The decision establishes the status of hundreds of similar claims.

The Emperor of Austria gave a grand banquet on Friday night, May 2d, at the Palace. Among the guests were all his relatives and foreign Princes in Vienna, and the United States Minister. The newly appointed American Commissioners are working to get the United States Department of the Exposition in complete order.

It is thought that the mortgage on the Howe Sewing Machine Works at Bridgeport, Connecticut, given by Stockwell to the Pacific Mail Company to reimburse it for moneys lost in speculation, is worthless, as Stockwell could not legally execute such a mortgage without the consent of the stockholders, some of whom are preparing to contest the mortgage.

PACIFIC COAST ITEMS.

Haymaking in the San Joaquin Valley.

Laborers are wanted in Calaveras County.

The horse disease is increasing at Rio Vista.

Foot-pads are stopping people in El Dorado County.

Parties are finding good coal prospects in Sonoma County.

Ben. Holladay has gone to Clatsop Beach, Oregon, to spend the summer.

Benicia has a newspaper and $50,000 invested in a narrow-guage railroad.

The Sanderson Mine at Railroad Flat, in Calaveras County, is yielding rock that averages $25 per ton.

The crops between Castroville and Watsonville, and in Pajaro Valley, are reported as looking extremely well.

The *Statesman* says that trains of fifteen or twenty cars loaded with freight run by Salem almost daily.

The Merced Democratic County Comittee have called a convention to nominate a candidate for Assemblyman.

The engineers of the San Joaquin and Tulare Narrow-gauge Railroad are at work some distance above Stockton.

The Secretary of the Interior has decided the Amador mining cases in favor of the present owners and against Rose *et al.*

The body of John Godfrey was found drowned in Thomas Creek, near Judge Jenison's, Tehama County, on the 25th.

On the Saucelito side the cutting, grading and filling of the narrow-gauge railroad is going forward with energy. A large force is now at work, the number of laborers having been increased to one hundred.

The body found at Lodi Station, on Saturday morning, has not been identified. About $100 was found on the body.

The steamers *Shoo Fly* and *Alice* were burned to the water's edge at Oregon City Sunday. Loss, $20,000. Work of an incendiary.

At Mayfield, Sunday evening, Wiliam Francis, of the druggist firm of Francis Bros., was found dead in a water-closet. Died of apoplexy.

News comes from Salt Lake that there are signs of an outbreak among the San Pete Valley Indians, in Southern Utah. The settlers have asked for soldiers.

Last Saturday, three young men, named John Carr, Louis French and James Daubenbis, were drowned while on the way from Soquel to Monterey in a small boat.

The San Diego *Union* has information of the capture of the Indian who shot Vanderhoot, near Campade Ranch, Lower Cal. He has been sent under guard to San Rafael.

May 2d an accident happened at the Belcher Mine, Gold Hill, Nevada, which resulted in four men being injured; three quite severely, and one, James Kelly, most frightfully.

The engineers are now surveying the line of the Soockton and Visalia Narrow-gauge Road, and when last heard from were near the Tuolumne River, a few miles below Lagrange.

Uncle Jack Jenkins, who lives near Grass Valley, the other day, went fooling around a bull. The entertainment closed with blood on the bull's horns and holes in Uncle Jack's body.

THE CHINESE INVASION.

AT the meeting of the Board of Supervisors held on Monday evening, Supervisor Swain introduced the following preamble and resolutions:

WHEREAS, The laborers and merchants of this city and State, by the continued and increasing immigration of Chinese coolies, have been driven from and prevented from following and working at many occupations and trades, by the employment of said coolies by merchants, manufacturers, etc., who obtain their services at such a remuneration as will not afford a livelihood to our fellow-citizens; and whereas, it is a fact that the young of both sexes growing up in this city have no field or opportunity to learn trades or follow occupations commensurate with their wants, which in the East would be open to them, the Chinese coolies in this city being employed in preference, on account of their compensation, filling up and performing work as they do in most of our manufactories and in all the lighter branches of industry, driving our girls from their sewing, and occupying their places as domestic servants; and it is the duty of all philanthropists and good men of all sects and opinions, to devise ways and means to provide employment for our growing young, in order to build up a large population for our city and State worthy of those men, our Pioneers, who paved the way in this State for a population of freemen, not slaves, and whose children's children now require that care and proper assistance, to keep them pure, by encouraging by practical means and earnest working their employment in the various industries, the field being open here for their reclamation and employment, the one important want being the reapers to gather in the harvest, by not alone preaching morality, but in earnest endeavors to bring about their employment in lieu of the coolie slaves, which, if successful, will effectually solve the social problem of "what will we do with our boys and girls?" And whereas, a large majority of the citizens of this city and State are aware, in view of the encouragement given to the immigration of Chinese coolies to this State, by a number of capitalists, manufacturers, owners of small industries and heads of families who afford them employment, that sooner or later, unless the laws of our country are so modified or changed as to prevent the importation of and induce the return to their native country of a large number of the Chinese hords who are amongst us, the well-being and the future of our young will be jeopardized and destroyed, their morals debased, and that serious troubles will arise, and possibly bloodshed and disorder reign rampant, to the discredit of our State, in organized efforts of the people to rid themselves of this Chinese plague; therefore,

Resolved, That this Board but reflect and express the wishes of a large majority of the citizens of this city and county in requesting our Senators and Representatives in the next Congress of the United States to use their best efforts, by an unremitting representation on their part of the evils resulting to this State from the influx of Chinese coolies, to bring about a modification of the laws so as to protect the material interests of our city and State, our laborers and mechanics, and afford an opening for the proper education and employment of the young men and women of the State.

Action of the Board. Mr. Swain moved the adoption of the and preamble resolution. Mr. Goodwin seconded the motion.

The ayes and noes were called and the resolution was adopted by the following vote: Ayes—Menzies, Swain, Goodwin, McCarthy, Kenney, King, Shrader, Barrett, Commins and Taylor—10. Noes—Forbes and Story—5.

When Mr. Story's name was called he asked to be excused. Mr. Forbes said, "Don't dodge the question," and some one else mercilessly said, "Call the excused." Under the pressure, Mr. Story (who occupied the President's chair), explained that he asked to be excused because he thought the subject was a national affair, one for Congressional action, not for the legislation of the Board of Supervisors. It was entirely outside of their notice. He then voted "No," and declared the resolution adopted.

MAY FESTIVAL AT TAYLOR STREET CONVENT.

THE annual May Festival of the Presentation Convent, on the corner of Taylor and Ellis streets, took place on Monday, May 5th. This celebration was one of the most elegant ever witnessed on the Pacific coast. This school is a branch of the Powell Street Convent, and was erected in the year 1870. It is under the supervision of Reverend Mother Theresa Comerford, a very excellent and accomplished lady, who is well known in this community since 1854—when she established the Convent on Powell Street—for her amiability of manners, and her capability to direct so large an educational institution. The pupils and their teachers certainly deserved all the eulogium that the appreciative audience bestowed on them, for the admirable manner in which the latter acquitted themselves. The pupils not only receive a general education gratuitously, but instruction which fits them for any position in society. They are instructed in the principles of religion, and are also taught all the higher branches usual in any other school, either public or private. The pupils were dressed in robes of white, adorned with lilies and white roses, emblems of the innocence and purity which the Sisters endeavor to implant in their hearts. If children had only one-half the care and instruction at home that these untiring Sisters of the Institution give them for the few hours they are under their charge, then the wickedness of this city would not be so great as it is at the present time. The halls and class-rooms were most tastefully decorated with banners, flags, flowers, etc. There was a very large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, many of whom were not Catholics. Every thing passed off with much credit to the Nuns. The benediction was given by Rev. Father Prendergast. The procession commenced at half-past ten, A. M., and was very large; several hundred children, all clad in white, with blue sashes, their hair dressed artistically and covered with wreaths and garlands of flowers, marched around the hall and garden, singing anthems, while select marches were played by some of the older scholars in a style that would reflect credit on old performers. The average attendance of the school is 800, and nearly the whole number were present on this occasion. The school is divided into five classes, each of which had its May Queen. The Queen of the Sacred Heart School was Miss R. Short; of St. Mary's, Miss Fowler; of St. Theresa, Miss M. Phelan; of St. Joseph's, Miss Matthews; and of the Holy Angels, Miss Mahony. Each room had its own programme, composed of hymns, recitations and plays. The Reverend Mother Sister Theresa made an address, and the May Queens did the same in reply to the congratulations of their subjects. The play of Fabiola was rendered by the larger scholars, Misses Pardow and Barry acquitting themselves with great credit.

IRISH-AMERICAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

THE election of officers of the Irish-American Benevolent Society took place on Monday, at the Hall on Howard Street. Three hundred and sixteen votes were cast. Mr. O'Connell was elected by seventy-nine majority. The regular ticket is as follows:

President, William O'Connell; Vice-President, Michael Farrell; Treasurer, Charles Kane; Recording Secretary, James O'Donnell; Financial Secretary, M. J. McInerney; Corresponding Secretary, Patrick Ballinger; Board of Trustees, John McNutty, Levi F. Cole, Thomas Kendrick, Michael Corcoran, George W. Loftus, Patrick Boyle, J. H. Allen, Charles O'Neil, Timothy Lynch, John Heany No. 2, J. J. Conlin, James T. Brady, Thos. H. Gallagher; Janitor, W. J. Byrne. The opposition ticket was as follows: For President, Peter McArdle; for Vice-President, Charles McVicker; for Treasurer, Charles Kane; for Recording Secretary, James O'Donnell; for Financial Secretary, M. J. McInerney; for Corresponding Secretary, John Heaney; Board of Trustees—Levi F. Cole, Michael Corcoran, John McNulty, J. H. Allen, Timothy Lynch, M. G. Sears, Thomas H. Gallagher, James T. Brady, Bernard Gillen, Thomas Kendrick, J. J. Conlon, Authur McGuerin, Patrick Boyle; for Janitor, William J. Byrnes.

OBITUARY.

IN the death of Mr. A. F. DURNEY, whose funeral took place on Friday of last week, the community has lost a worthy citizen, a conscientious God-fearing man, against whom a word of reproach was never uttered. The world has too few of these noble souls, and their field of usefulness is so extended that when one is taken from it the void which is left is one that must be felt. In all the acts of life the deceased was instigated by the Divine precept to do unto others as he would they should do unto him. He was in all things a Christian Catholic gentleman, and he died in full communion with the Church. Mr. Durney was an early Californian, having arrived in this State in 1849. Soon after he went into the firm of Kleinhans & Co., of Sacramento, and when that firm changed to Booth & Co., he remained a member of it some five years longer, when he became a resident of San Francisco. During the last six years he has been Receiving Teller in the Hibernia Bank. He was extensively known, and much respected by all who knew him. On Thursday night, after reaching home, he was seized with a chill, but did not think any thing of it. Next morning he was too ill to go to the bank. During the afternoon he became worse, and was obliged to send for his physician. Though he felt no pain, he continued to be very weak, and during Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, complained of a pain in his left side. Nevertheless, he was not supposed by his family to be in any immediate danger, as he had had a long sickness last Fall, and had not been very strong since his recovery. Those who watched at his bedside and hoped amid their tears were to be disappointed, for the Almighty was pleased to take his faithful servant home, and his eyes were soon closed in death. Deceased leaves a wife, one daughters and brother in this city. He had not been improvident, and had insured his life for $5,000 in the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. His mother, aged seventy-two years, and his two sisters, reside in Philadelphia, the place of his nativity. He was forty-five years of age at the time of his death. *Requiescat in Pace.*

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Directors of the Hibernia Bank, held immediately after the announcement of the death of Mr. DURNEY:

Resolved, That the late Mr. A. F. DURNEY, who, during six years, was employed in the service of The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, by his fidelity to duty, the integrity of his character, and the purity of his life, deserved and enjoyed the confidence and respect of this Board; that the announcement of his death was received by us with deep regret, and that we offer his bereaved family the assurance of our sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded, by the Secretary, to the family of the deceased.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To the Catholics of the Pacific Coast:

AT this time, when we find the country flooded with newspapers and periodicals, laying high claims to respectability and fairness, and which a Catholic, even, could not exclude from his house, without laying himself liable to the charge of bigotry, filled with open attacks upon the Church, or, worse yet, with insinuations and inuendoes; when we find our public and private libraries stored with pretended histories and other writings, assuming to be standard works, in which the motives and actions of the Church are falsified and misrepresented; when it has come to pass that a Catholic must be under the necessity of scrutinizing closely every book or paper he puts in the hands of his children, that their minds may not be poisoned by the base slanders and malicious insinuations so often rung into the fashionable literature of the day; when we find that even those of the secular Press which are most inclined to do justice to our cause, dare not, for fear of losing patronage, raise a voice against the recent acts of high-handed tyranny exercised by European and American Governments, by which holy men of prayer, whose only offense was that their purity of life was a reproach to sin, were banished and their goods confiscated; when we find the children of so many Catholics who have been careless enough to let them roam free over this field of corrupt literature, torn from the bosom of the Church, and lost to her saving influence; when, in short, we can trace most of the evils which affect religion and society to a false education and a false literature, it would be criminal in us, who profess to love our Holy Mother, the Church, above all our earthly possessions, not to recognize the power of the Press, and turn *that* mighty power into an instrument of good.

We do not underrate the exertions of our Prelates and Priests—those holy men who have laid all their worldly ambitions and pleasures upon the Altar for Jesus' sake; but their voices will not reach all that can be reached by the Press. Neither can they take up and discuss to their flocks those topics which are legitimate for newspapers, pamphlets, periodicals, and books. The Press must be auxiliary to the labors of the priesthood. Our Holy Father Pope Pius IX, in 1851, said: "*Providence seems to have given, in our day, a great mission to the Catholic Press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of faith where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten.*"

Considerations such as these have led to the incorporation of THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION COMPANY, with a Capital Stock of Twenty Thousand Dollars, divided into Two Thousand Shares of Ten Dollars each, for the purpose of publishing a newspaper at the city of San Francisco, which shall fill the want, felt by all, of a good Family Paper, and which shall be, at all times, an earnest defender of the Church; and for the purpose of printing and publishing such other matters as may be useful to the Church, or as the Company may be employed to do. It is expected that this Stock will be subscribed in small amounts, and the active co-operation of all Catholics is earnestly solicited, both in taking the stock and in extending the circulation of the newspaper and other publications of the Company.

The Company will not publish a paper, the organ of any party or nationality; but while they will claim for it an independence of expression on general subjects, and while they will disclaim all intention of holding the Church responsible for its utterances, and while they would not expect to accomplish the impossible task of pleasing every body, they will try to confine it to topics upon which there shall be no material disagreements among *Catholics*.

It is expected that in a few months, at most, the stock of the Company will be worth fully par, as an investment; but, in its infancy, it is but right that whatever there is of risk shall be borne by the many.

The affairs of the Company will be conducted on strictly business principles, and when there shall be any profits, each stockholder, however small his interest, will receive his full share thereof.

In appealing to the Catholic community to sustain this enterprise, we can think of no language more appropiate than that used by our Holy Father in his Encyclical Letter of 1853:

"*We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with Catholic spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring in writing and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic Doctrine.*"

Again, in his letter to the American Prelates, he urges them to "*Leave nothing untried by which our Holy Religion and its salutary teachings may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path.*"

For the present, we have made arrangements for the publication of THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN once a week. Knowing what concert of action among the many will accomplish, we ask from the Catholic community of the Pacific Coast such assistance as shall give to the enterprise we have inaugurated that measure of success which, in our judgment, it deserves.

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A NEW FEATURE FOR 1873.

UNPARALLELED PREMIUM! ONE NEVER OFFERED BY ANY PUBLISHER, EITHER IN THIS COUNTRY OR IN EUROPE! RAPHAEL'S CELEBRATED PICTURE, "THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO!"

A SPLENDID engraving; not a cheap colored picture; but a really beautiful work of art, and an exact fac-simile of the original painting.

The publishers of the GUARDIAN are determined to give to their patrons not only the best Catholic paper in America, but, in addition to this, they have made arrangements to give to every subscriber, for the year 1873, a beautiful and faithful engraving of the greatest and most celebrated painting in the world—Raphael's master-piece—known as "*The Madonna di San Sisto.*" We need not inform our Catholic readers that the Madonna has been, from the earliest ages of Christian art, a favorite subject of the pencils of the great masters. The grandest success, however, has been achieved by Raphael, in whose pictures of the Madonna there prevails now the loving Mother, now the ideal of feminine beauty, until in that of St. Sixtus, he reaches the most glorious representation of the "Queen of Heaven."

This great master-piece of art was painted by Raphael for the Monastery of St. Sixtus, in the City of Placentia, in the year 1518, and is called, from its original destination, the Madonna di San Sisto.

It represents the Holy Virgin standing in a majestic attitude, the infant Savior enthroned in her arms, and around her head a glory of innumerable cherubs melting into light. Kneeling before her, we see at one side St. Sixtus, on the other, St. Barbara, and beneath her feet two Heavenly cherubs gaze up in adoration. A celebrated connoisseur of art says, "The Madonna di San Sisto, in execution, as well as in design, is probably the most perfect picture in the world."

In the beginning of the last century, the Elector of Saxony, Augustus III, purchased this picture at a cost of 80,000 florins, and it now forms the boast and ornament of the Dresden Gallery.

All new subscribers, upon payment of $5 for the GUARDIAN, or $6 for the GUARDIAN and *Irish World*, will be entitled to this splendid picture. Present subscribers, upon renewing their subscriptions and *paying* for the same, will also be entitled to it. No picture will be delivered until full payment is made of one year's subscription.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have adopted a system of printed wrappers, upon which each subscriber's account is kept. The date on the wrapper is the time to which he has paid, if a payment is made at all, and if not, then the date of subscription is used. When a payment is sent, the date on the wrapper is changed. If it should not be, the party would confer a favor by notifying us of the mistake. For instance, a person subscribes January 1, 1873, and pays five dollars, then "January 1, '74" will appear on the wrapper; or, if he did not pay at that time, it will be "January 1, '73" until he sends in the amount of the year's subscription, when the figure 4 will take the place of the 3. We hope each one will keep this in mind, so there may be no misunderstanding.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year without further reminder from this office.

THE IRISH WORLD.

OUR arrangements to club with the *Irish World*, the very best Irish paper published in America, have been entirely completed. We are enabled to furnish the GUARDIAN and the *World*, by carriers, to city subscribers at fifty cents per month of four weeks. The GUARDIAN to country subscribers, by mail, is five dollars per annum; but we can furnish both papers for six dollars. This, we are satisfied, is cheaper than the same amount and character of reading matter can be had elsewhere.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Mr. Gray the Music dealear, "Gen. Canby's Funeral March." The tittle-page contains a fine lithograph of the dead hero. Price, forty cts.

T. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

San Jose, California.

DR. T. D. JOHNSON respectfully returns his many thanks to the citizens of San Jose and vicinity for their liberal patronage for the last eighteen years during his practice among them. Having again recovered his health, he will continue to practice his profession as before. DR. JOHNSON has practiced Medicine and Surgery in California for nearly twenty-two years, and has had an opportunity to become familiar with the practical treatment of all diseases common to this climate or to the Pacific Coast, and can give satisfaction to all who may require his professional services. Persons residing at a distance can consult DR. JOHNSON by letter, giving, as nearly as possible, the symptoms of the patient, age, sex, temperament and length of time sick. The above duty, on the part of the patient, being correctly performed, the Doctor has no hesitation in saying that he will be able to cure every case that is curable, without a personal interview with the patient. This may be called arrogance, but the assertion is based upon a practical experience of nearly forty years, twelve years of which time was spent in charge of public hospitals.

DR. JOHNSON will devote particular attention to Operative Surgery and the Diseases of Women and Children, including Chronic Diseases of every character. He has, also, had great experience in the treatment of Cancer and all Schirrus diseases, Tumors and Dislocations of long standing, Hydrocele, Veriocele, Hernia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs, Diabetes, Dropsy, etc., etc.

DR. JOHNSON'S surgical operations, since residing on this coast, are too well known to be noticed in this paper; but for the benefit of those who have recently settled in California, he will take the liberty of mentioning a few of the many capital or important operations he has performed: Amputation of the entire lower jaw, for cancer, in San Jose—recovery; amputation of the hip-joint, for gun-shot wound, in San Juan, Monterey County—recovery; amputation twice at the shoulder, for disease of the joint, both in San Jose—recovery; amputation at the knee-joint, for white swelling, in San Jose, with success; setting a dislocated hip-joint of five months' and twenty days' standing, in San Jose, with complete success; adjusting an elbow-joint after it had been dislocated six weeks—patient recovering complete use of arm. DR. JOHNSON has performed the dangerous and complicated operation of trepanning the cranium or skull six times, with success in every case; an excision of ovarian tumor weighing fourteen and three-fourths pounds—operation performed in San Jose, with perfect recovery; amputation of a fibro-cistic tumor, weighing forty-two and one-half pounds, from a woman living near the Almaden mines; three amputations of the female breast, for cancer, two of whom resided in San Jose, the other in Gilroy, Santa Clara County—all recovered; excision of a fibrous tumor, weighing two and one-half ounces, from the throat of a child ten months old—operation performed in San Jose, in the presence of five other physicians, with complete success.

The object of this paper is to inform the public where they may obtain honest and scientific counsel in sickness, and in cases requiring surgical skill.

Among the various vocations of life, there are none involving higher mental endowments, more real responsibilities, and more laborious duties, than the practice of Medicine and Surgery; and yet there is more imposition, dishonesty and ignorance among those claiming to belong to this profession than any other. It is, therefore, with a just appreciation of his mission that DR. JOHNSON has departed somewhat from the usual custom, in his honest desire to do good and alleviate suffering.

T. D. JOHNSON, M. D.

Licentitate of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, and graduate of the University of Louisville, Ky., formerly Resident Physician of Marine Hospital at Galveston, Texas, Physician at Sacramento Hospital in 1852-3, and for four years County Physician for Santa Clara County, at San Jose. mar8-1y

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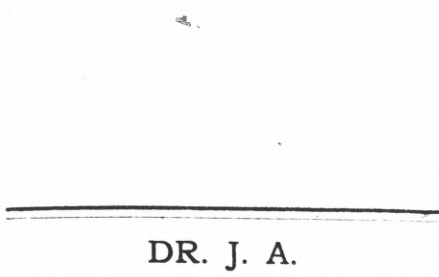

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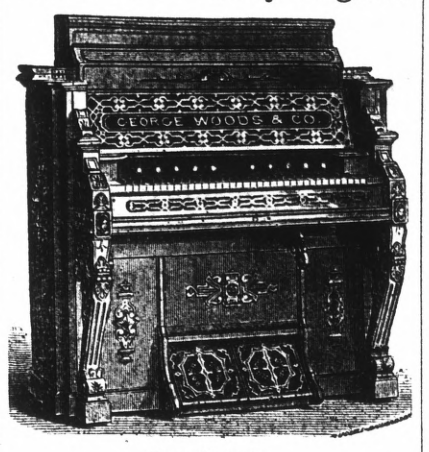

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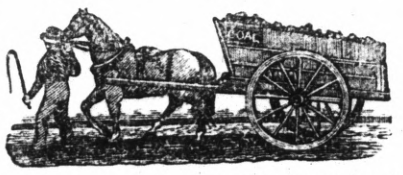

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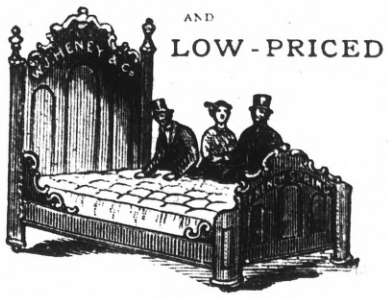

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THE HELPING HAND, a purely Vegetable Pain Annihilator, possessing Tonic, Alterative, Sanative, Carminative, Corrective, Sedative and Anodyne properties, skillfully combined in a concentrated form, for internnl and external use.

A never failing remedy for Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Lameness, Soreness or Stiffness of the Joints or Muscles, Sprains, Bruises, Wounds, Sores, Indolent Ulcers, Poisonous Bites, Bronchitis, Sore Throat and Diptheria, Headache, Earache, Toothache, Soreness or Sponginess of the Gums, Colic, Derangements of the Liver or Bowels, and all aches and pains. It will also cure Galls, Bruises, Sand Cracks, Stiffness, Founders, Spavin, Sweeny, Sitfast, Callous Lumps, and Maladies in general of the Horse and other Domestic Animals.

Full directions accompanying each bottle.

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CHENEY, MYRICK & HOBBS,
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C. P. R. R.

Commencing Sunday, May 4, 1873, and until further notice, Trains and Boats will leave San Francisco.

7.00 A. M. (Daily)—Atlantic Express Train (via Oakland) for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding and Portland (O.) Colfax, Reno, Ogden and Omaha.

7.30 A. M. (Daily)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connecting, at Vallejo, with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento; making close connection at Napa with Stages for Sonoma.

2.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Stockton Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at Vallejo, Benicia and Landings on the San Joaquin River.

3.00 P. M. (Daily)—San Jose Passenger Train, (via Oakland) stopping at all Way Stations.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Passenger Train (via Oakland) for Lathrop, Merced, Visalia, Tipton and Los Angeles, Stockton and Sacramento.

4.00 P. M. (Sundays excepted)—Cal. P. R. R. Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Connecting at Vallejo with Trains for Calistoga, Knight's Landing and Sacramento.

4.00 P.M. (Sundays excepted)—Sacramento Steamer (from Broadway Wharf)—Touching at Benicia and Landings on the Sacramento River.

6.30 P. M (Daily)—Overland Emigrant Train (via Oakland)—Through Freight and Accommodation.

OAKLAND BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO—7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:10 and 11:20 A.M.; 12:10, 1:50, 3:00, 4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:15, 9:20 and *11:30 P.M. (9:26, 11:20 and 3:00, to Oakland only.)

LEAVE BROOKLYN (For San Francisco)—*5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00 and 11:00 A.M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:55 and 10:10 P.M.

LEAVE OAKLAND—*5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10,00 and 11:10 A.M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 8:05 and 10:20 P.M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.—7:20, 9:00 and 11:15 A.M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P.M. (7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Vale only.)

LEAVE HAYWARDS (For San Francisco)—*4:30, 7:00 and 10:45 A.M. and 3:30 P.M.

LEAVE FRUIT VALE.—*5:25, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A.M. 1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P.M.

*Except Sundays.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Pass'gr and Ticket Ag't. A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Sup't.

Southern Pacific Railroad.

Time Schedule—Commencing April 6th, 1873.

TRAINS SOUTH.	Through Trains.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.
Leave—			
San Francisco	8:40 A M	*3:20 P M	†4:40 P M
San Jose....Arrive	11:10 A M	5:40 P M	7:00 P M
Gilroy .....Arrive	12:45 P M	.....	.....
Pajaro .....Arrive	2:00 P M	.....	.....
Castroville...Arrive	2:45 P M	.....	.....
Salinas .....Arrive	3:10 P M	.....	.....
Hollister ....Arrive	2:30 P M	.....	.....

TRAINS NORTH.	San Jose Only.	San Jose Only.	Through Trains.
Leave—			
Hollister	.....	.....	11:10 A M
Salinas	.....	.....	10:45 A M
Castroville	.....	.....	11:16 A M
Pajaro	.....	.....	11:59 A M
Gilroy	.....	.....	1:25 P M
San Jose	†6:30 A M	7:50 A M	3:00 P M
San Francisco Arrive	8:50 A M	10:10 A M	5:25 P M

*SATURDAYS 2:30 P. M. †SUNDAYS excepted

☞ An extra train will leave San Francisco on SUNDAYS at 9:30 A. M.—Returning will leave San Jose at 5:50 P. M.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

THROUGH TRAINS leave San Francisco at 4:15 A. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 1:00 A. M.

Trains for San Jose and Way Stations leave San Francisco at 1:00 P. M. Arrive at San Francisco at 11:30 A. M.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen'l Superintendent. A. C. BASSETT, Ass't Superintendent.
J. L. WILLCUTT, Gen'l Passenger & Ticket Agent.

HELBING & STRAUS,

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AND

BRITANNIA WARE,

LOOKING-GLASSES, Etc.,

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Complete assortment of COAL OIL LAMPS and OIL always on hand.

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